





SONG AND SCENERY;

OR,

A Summer Ramble in Scotland.

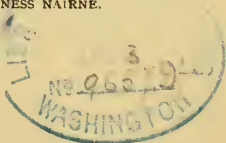
BY

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"A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS."

"Songs of my native land,
To me how dear!
Songs of my infancy,
Sweet to mine ear!
Entwined with my youthful days,
Wi' the bonny banks and braes,
Where the winding burnie strays,
Murmuring near."

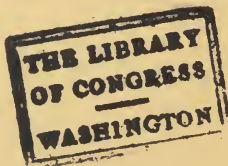
BARONESS NAIRNE.

NEW YORK: 

L. D. ROBERTSON, 117 WALKER STREET.

1874.

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TO THE
REV. JOHN MACLEAN, D.D., LL.D.
EX-PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE

This Volume is respectfully inscribed,
BY THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Society at Sea—A Herald of approaching Death—Paths of the Ocean—Ireland—Lough Foyle—First sight of Scottish Land and Sea—Firth of Clyde,	9

CHAPTER II.

General Features of Scottish Scenery—Compared with Switzerland—First sight of Edinburgh—Hawthornden—Roslyn—William Dunbar—Abbotsford,	20
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Melrose—Cowdenknowes—Thomas of Erceldoune—Hawick—Teviotdale—John Leyden—Jedburgh—Kelso—Thomas Pringle—Berwick—Tweedside,	33
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

To Lindisfarne—The Island—The Ruins—The Missionaries from Iona—Aidan—Finan—Conflict with Canterbury—Cuthbert—Posthumous Adventures of St. Cuthbert—Fate of Holy Island—Poetry about it,	44
---	----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Eskdale—Kirkconnel—Annandale—The Bruces—Ettrick—The Ettrick Shepherd—Yarrow,	66

CHAPTER VI.

Lochmaben—The Castle of the Bruces—The Lochmaben Harper —Moffat—Craigie Burn Wood—The “Grey Mare’s Tail”— Lanarkshire—The Douglas—Castle Dangerous, . . .	76
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

Nithsdale—Burns—Allan Cunningham—The Randolphs—Galloway—Paul Jones—Sweetheart Abbey—Queen Mary’s Last Journey in Scotland—Loch Ken—Mary’s Dream—The Wild Scot of Galloway—Sir Archibald the Grim—The McClellans—The Gordons of Kenmure—Samuel Rutherford—Dr. Thomas Brown,	86
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

The Southern extremity of Scotland—The Packman Poet—Castle-Kennedy—Viscount Stair—The Bride of Lammermoor—Lochryan—Captain Ross—The Rover of Lochryan—First Church in Galloway—Ninian—Mission to Ireland—Port-Patrick,	100
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Newton-Stewart—Glen Cree—A Picturesque Country—Alexander Murray—The Covenanters in Galloway—Old Mortality—Sir Walter Scott—Joseph Train,	120
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

Hills of Carrick—The Land of Burns—The Doon—Ayr—Henry the Minstrel—Highland Mary—Burns—Paisley—Tannahill—Robert Allan—Glasgow—Kelvin Grove,	134
---	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
West Highlands—The Clans—Argyll—The MacCallum More— The Land of Lorne—The Macdougals—A general view of the Land of Ossian—Mull—The Macleans—Artornish Castle—The Macdonalds—Lord of the Isles—Iona—Staffa,	149

CHAPTER XII.

Leading Clans of the Middle Ages—Dunstaffnage—The Stone of Destiny—Treaty of Artornish—The Macleans of Duart— Extent of their Dominion—The Lady Rock, . . .	166
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Country of Ossian—Loch Linnhe—Clan Stewart of Appin —Poems of Ossian—Glencoe—Ben Nevis—Lochiel—The Cameron Country—Charles Edward Stewart—Rising of the Clans in 1745—Macdonald of Clan Ronald—Inverlochy, .	177
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Glenmore-nan-Albin—The Caledonian Canal—Culloden—Inver- ness—Macbeth—Macpherson's Farewell—"Where Gadie Rins,"	191
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Aberdeen—Beattie—Scenes of Byron's Childhood—Marischal College—Old Aberdeen—Barbour—John of Fordun—King's College—Hector Boetius—John Bellenden,	200
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Howe of the Mearns—Lochlee—Alexander Ross—Strathmore— Montrose—The Great Marquis—His Highland Campaign— As a Poet—Perth—King James I.—Scottish Poets of the Fifteenth Century—Dundee—McCheyne—Religious Revi- val,	215
--	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVII.

	PAGE
St. Andrews—Her University—Knox—Buchanan—Sir David Lindsay—Poetry and the Reformation—St. Andrews in the Reformation—Dingin' doun of the Cathedrál—Art and Religion,	231

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Patrick Spens—The Historical Theme of that Ballad—Ballad Recitation—Origin of Scottish Popular Ballads—Scottish Love of Music,	244
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Linlithgow—Falkirk—Stirling—Stirling Castle—Greyfriars Church—The Cemetery—View from the Castle—Battle of Stirling—Wallace as a General—Bannockburn—Resemblance to Waterloo,	258
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

King James V.—His Patronage of Letters—Friend of the Commons—Excursions among them—Lady of the Lake—Its Scenery—Loch Lomond—Dumbarton—Conclusion, . . .	274
---	-----



PREFACE.

A wide and interesting topic lies in the relations of man to his material abode. This volume touches only one point of it, and that in the slightest and most incidental way.

The bonds of affection between us and external nature are of our own creating, are the tenderest and most controlling over those in whom imagination has the greatest power; and yet are most practical for all; and, in their various degrees, represent the intellectual character of nations. The love of a people for the land of their birth and residence is the spring of some of the noblest and purest features of human nature, and is strongest in the best.

The scenery of a country always imprints itself more or less upon national character, while the character of an imaginative people arrays itself around their scenery, and clothes it like a garment. All their own most pleasing and highly valued thoughts and feelings they impute to their native land: they animate it with their own lives;

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PREFACE.

and their own noblest exploits, their heroism and their piety emblazon its localities. A reciprocity exists between a people and the land they occupy ; but that which is given varies, in relation to what is received, in proportion to the degree of intellectual activity and culture. Stupid barbarians accept little, and return less. From them earth receives no attractive colors of human adventure, or of gentle and lovely affections. An educated and imaginative people identify their land with themselves and their history, and receive from it new inspiration for enterprise and virtue.

Man and external nature, as seen in the light of imagination, are the two hemispheres of the poetical world ; and that, no matter what the actual style of the scenery may be,—the rich plains of northern Italy, the blooming farms of southern England, or the mountains of Switzerland and Savoy. It is a mistake to conceive of mountain countries as alone the abodes of song. The scenes most familiar to Shakspeare's eye, perhaps all he ever saw, are rich and fair, but of low level, nowhere more than rolling or hilly ; and, although the poets of northern Italy had the Alps and Apennines in sight, it is remarkable how little they made of them. Their poetry finds its favorite themes among the cities and the plains. On the other hand, the poets of Greece, of northern England and of Scotland abound in imagery drawn from their picturesque scenery.

PREFACE.

They never tire in describing or alluding to their mountains, lakes, rivers, woods and seas, and the various atmospheric changes, the effects of sunshine and cloud among them.

It may be as benevolent an arrangement of the Creator, as it is certainly a very remarkable fact, that some of those lands which have least to give for man's material being, elicit in the highest degree the allegiance of his heart. Such I think is the case of Scotland. The Scottish muse seems to love the border region where man and nature meet, and where nature exacts the most disinterested attachment.

This love of material earth, this affectionate drapery thrown around it—notwithstanding Scotland's Puritanism—may it never be less,—I cannot think of as other than practical gratitude to the Creator, and would fondly believe that a pure enjoyment of the works of God in this world must have some tendency to prepare the spirit for the fuller enjoyment of them in a world which is holier and more beautiful. It surely added nothing to the sanctity of the most laborious saint of the middle ages that he was able to travel a whole day by the lake of Geneva without looking at it.

PRINCETON, *September*, 1873.

SONG AND SCENERY;

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CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW YORK TO THE CLYDE.

SOCIETY AT SEA—A HERALD OF APPROACHING
DEATH—PATHS OF THE OCEAN—IRELAND—
LOUGH FOYLE—FIRST SIGHT OF SCOTTISH
LAND AND SEA—FRITH OF CLYDE.



PLEASANTER company has seldom come together than that which met in the saloon of the steamship "*Anglia*," at noon of the 11th May, 1872. From various States of the Union, from Canada, from Wales, from Ireland, from Scotland and from Germany, brought together only by the pursuit of their own respective ends, they showed from the first a light-hearted gentle courtesy, and sincere purpose to make each

other happy. A lively little steamer, crowded with friends of some of the passengers, ornamented with a semi-rainbow of flags, and resonant with song, accompanied us down the bay. Before reaching Sandy Hook, she came alongside, and received some who had remained with us, willing to postpone their parting to the last. After we had passed that final point of land, she closed in once more, and greeted us with the hearty chorus of "Auld Langsyne." Our pilot then left us, and with a farewell from the mouth of her cannon on the part of the "*Anglia*," and three sonorous roars from her engine, responded to with three emulous screams and a yell from our lively little convoy, we parted—the latter to return to the busy haunts of men, and we to pursue our lonely way into the wilderness of waters.

Much as has been written and sung, and that very spiritedly, about "Life on the Ocean Wave," and of being "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," of "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," and all that, it must be admitted that the first experience of landsmen on the ocean wave is anything but poetical. The heaving breast of the mighty flood has very uncertain movements. For one accus-

tomed to the steady land, to feel the footing upon which he treads sinking and rising and rolling beneath him, overturns all his ideas. It effects, in some sense, a change in the constitution of his being—a radical revolution, which turns the world upside down.

Our company was entertainingly varied, yet harmonious. Our captain, the most conspicuous figure, strong, burly and kind, ever on the alert, ever considerate of those under his care, yet ready to unbend in jocular conversation, won the respect and grateful affection of all. Some of our number were in pursuit of health; some of knowledge; some on business, crossing the ocean as they would the street to negotiate a promising bargain; some of foreign birth, long resident in America, going to revisit the scenes of their childhood; some on their way to the diamond mines of South Africa; some to pursue the study of art in the galleries and schools of Europe; one young lady to complete a musical education already apparently well matured; one gentleman, a professional singer of the Parepa Rosa Troupe, to join the prima donna in some new engagement; and four young ladies to make the tour of Europe by them-

selves—recent facilities for travel having rendered the attendance of a gentleman unnecessary to a lady's safety or comfort. An editor, a professor, and three clergymen are running off on a vacation trip; and two young gentlemen, from the college of Gen. Lee, determined really to see the world, propose to ramble *ad libitum* through Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia, returning home by way of San Francisco and the Pacific Railroad. All with different aims, but all, for the time being, harmonised in the one purpose of making the passage of the ocean as tolerable as they can.

With musical instruments on board, and no little musical talent, we were not lacking in the means of spending time pleasantly, and occasionally aimed at something better than killing it—the ordinary occupation of passengers at sea. For example, one or two enterprising spirits got up one evening a public entertainment for the benefit of the British Life Boat Association. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations, grave, gay, tender and severe. Some of the songs were executed in really superior style; but it does not need high art to make people happy, when all are disposed to be pleased,

and every one acts his part as well as he can, without pretending to more. The amount raised was a very respectable sum, which may be the means of saving some life endangered by the stormy deep. An entertainment so successful was confidently repeated, without the conditions of benevolence or payment ; and pleasure given and received united all in the bonds of intimacy, which would have taken months of acquaintance upon land to tie.

The next day after leaving New York being Sunday, there was divine service on board, but few were in condition to attend upon it. Next Sunday the congregation was large and reverential. If on any occasion the propriety of immediate trust in God is enforced by the circumstances of a man's life, it is when he travels over the wide waste of waters, with only half an inch of iron between him and death, and when any one of a hundred conceivable accidents might carry him instantly to the bottom of the deep. And yet that tumultuous and angry sea is not a more certain enemy of life than is many a one which we carry unawares within us. We had several services ; and all the clergymen took part in

them, save one. The case of that one was the only shadow of sadness which fell on our community. An interesting young Irishman, who had just completed the theological course of study at Princeton, was returning to his native land, well equipped for the work of the gospel ministry. Endowed with information, both popular and recondite, much beyond the routine of the schools, his wit and keen good sense, with an easy but unobtrusive eloquence, soon made him a favorite. He and I were one day, in his state-room, in full flow of conversation. He had been entirely well since leaving America. I was getting well. We were expressing our gratification that we could now enjoy each other's society. Suddenly his face flushed an expression of astonishment and alarm. A pause of a moment, and the red stream from his lips stained the white basin. We exchanged looks. It needed no more. From that hour I never left his bedside for more than a brief time while he remained on board. The hemorrhage recurred several times. He was always cheerful, and often disposed to converse—a disposition which I endeavored to restrain. When we entered Lough Foyle, a gentleman going to Belfast undertook to accom-

pany him to his father's house. After we had helped him on board the little steamboat and it was turning away, I saw him seated on deck. He looked up with an expression of tenderness, but smiled not ; nor intimated any farewell. I never saw him again. We corresponded while I was on the Continent. A long silence ensued. And then came a newspaper notice of his death—the history of that bright life, which seemed the promise of a more than common career, all summed up in two lines.

The paths of ocean, to the great steamships which every day traverse them, are no longer varying and uncertain. With the far-seeing eye of the magnet, and the strong arm of steam, the iron ship holds her determinate way, for thousands of miles, like a locomotive on a railroad. In the face of head winds and an adverse rolling sea, continued daily from the time we left the coast of America, the gallant "*Anglia*" plowed her way steadily and straight onward, as if she had seen and had never taken her eye off the point of her destination.

One morning we awoke with a sense of relief, dressed without staggering, and deliberately at our respective convenience, ascended to the upper

deck. The sky was clear, and though still early morning, the sun was up. There was only a gentle breeze, scarcely enough to ruffle the surface of the water. And yonder, on the right, are the bold headlands of Ireland. Our ship has seen aright; and over hundreds on hundreds of miles of sea has aimed her course with precision to the true point. Onward still she sweeps, by the power of her throbbing heart of steam, within full sight of the land, the cloud-capped mountains of green Innisfail, past one headland after another between Innistrathull and Malin Head, round Innishowen, and into the broad entrance of Lough Foyle, and then more slowly by old Greencastle and Magilligan's Point, to Moville.

The magnificent beauty of Lough Foyle took most of us by surprise. On either side bounded by mountains, it extends to a width similar to that of Haverstraw Bay on the Hudson. From their base about three-fourths of the way to the top, the mountains are cultivated, and the humble but neat little farm houses are numerous, and climb up their sides nearly as far as cultivation goes.

At Moville, we part with those of our company whose destination is Ireland. A small steamer

comes out, and takes them up to Londonderry, whence by railway they reach their respective points of aim.

Turning out of the Lough we sail near by the shore, round the Giant's Causeway, between Rathlin and the mainland; and then from off Fair Head strike across the Northern channel to the Mull of Cantire. The Western Isles of Scotland, far in the distance, through the bright transparent atmosphere, had been in sight from early morning; we now surrendered Ireland for them. Passing near by the wild and rugged promontory of Cantire, and the little island of Sanda, we made a straight course for Arran, having the singular rock of Ailsa on the right. And now the distant coast of Ayrshire came more and more distinctly into view, its highly cultivated lands, its green and plowed fields, surmounted in the far back-ground by the blue summits lying at the sources of the Doon and the Ayr. On the left rose the long irregular array of peaks, among which stand wildest and highest the Goat Fells of Arran. It was a delightful sail, on that clear and beautiful afternoon, up the magnificent Frith of Clyde, hour after hour through ever-varying scenery.

The sun went down behind the peaks of Arran as we entered the channel between the Island of Bute and the Cumbraes, but the long twilight of this Northern latitude deepened slowly. On either hand the lofty shores seemed gradually to draw nearer, and new mountain tops rose dimly before us. Sailing on into the depths of new scenery, we passed from the wild and picturesque into the mysterious. And as the shadows deepened, and the scenery ceased to be more than cloudy outlines and dark masses, there flashed up in the distance long vistas of lights, whose reflection danced upon the water, and above the dusky tops of the hills, far on the northern sky, still lay the pale ray of the lingering twilight. We sought expression for our happiness in song. A few voices, richly endowed and cultivated, spoke for all, and those who listened accorded with and rested in the music as the expression of their own feelings. But music and conversation gradually subsided, and one after another of the company withdrew, though some continued gazing shorewards in silence, and enjoying the beautiful and long-protracted twilight until it passed away into their dreams.

When morning dawned upon us, we were moored in the Clyde, surrounded by the wharves and residences of a busy city; and though sorry to bring to an end the friendships formed on the voyage, and to say good-bye to the "*Anglia*," yet deeper feelings and purposes immediately asserted their place. We had reached a land which all were impatient to see, and which to many of us was hallowed by the sanctity of "Home."

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL FEATURES OF SCOTTISH SCENERY—
COMPARED WITH SWITZERLAND—FIRST SIGHT
OF EDINBURGH—HAWTHORNDEN—ROSLYN—
WILLIAM DUNBAR—ABBOTSFORD.



COTLAND is the land of the picturesque. When I left it, now many, many years ago, only a corner of its least celebrated quarter had fallen under my observation. With that little corner I had nothing to compare. And in later times my recollections of it were cautiously toned down, from suspicion of youthful exaggeration. Ere I saw it again, chance even more than design had taken me through various countries, among others Savoy, Italy, and Switzerland, celebrated for attractions of scenery. It was with a full breadth of delight that after all, when I looked again upon my native land, I found it

more picturesque than recollection had dared to paint it.

The further I pursued my journey the more was I impressed with the fact that the land of my birth is a beautiful land. From Inverness to Berwick-on-Tweed, its whole eastern coast is richly productive and cultivated in the highest style of science. The same culture covers the whole breadth of the island on the Forth and Clyde, and much of the Southwest. But most of the midland, and all the West Highlands are mountainous, abounding in rugged scenery and the baldest desolation.

The grandeur of the Bernese Alps, or the Alps of Upper Savoy, is overwhelming; Scotland has nothing to compare with them. But Switzerland is not so desolate as the West Highlands of Scotland. Every place that can sustain culture is cultivated even to the verge of the everlasting snow; and in some places, where there is naturally no soil, it has been collected from among the rocks, carried up and deposited on terraces. In the Highlands of Scotland no such struggle is maintained. Belonging to a few large owners, the country is abandoned to its native wildness,

as a great hunting ground. Only in the naturally fertile glens is any culture to be discovered. One may stand upon a mountain and look, as far as the human eye can see in all directions, over that wilderness of dark, rocky, heathery mountains, with the grey mists flitting about them, intersected in every direction with deep glens, or with inlets of the sea winding away far into the land, and not behold one green field or cultivated spot. And yet when you travel through those wildernesses, you come occasionally, in the depths of the glens, upon a tasteful villa or a palace, surrounded by its pleasure grounds; but quite as often upon the remains of earlier power and splendor, in the ruins of some ancient castle perched upon its dizzy steep.

The principal features of Switzerland are overwhelming grandeur of scenery, and the industry of the human hand in conflict with Nature, and mastery over every rood of ground that can be mastered; of Scotland, the wildness of Nature abandoned to herself wherever science and capital cannot make their profits. In the one country, humble but successful industry amid the most sublime of scenery; in the other, scientific culture,

where science has scope ; elsewhere, the bleakness and wildness of desolation, with here and there a palace. The present condition of Switzerland is, I think, better than that of the Scottish West Highlands, where great landowners have expelled their tenantry to make room for game ; but the latter country has, so far, the advantage in the striking contrasts which constitute the picturesque.

It was not, however, by the natural scenery of Scotland that my admiration was kindled so much as by its associations with poetry. There are other countries whose history is more interesting and of higher value, and some whose natural attractions may excel it in any one of its features ; but none, I believe, except Greece, is so completely covered with poetic coloring. England has some poets greater than Scotland can claim ; but her land is not so swathed in song and its kindred music so cherished by her peasantry. The poets of Scotland have many of them been themselves peasants, and in a singular degree have wedded their respective localities to their verses. In the Southwest, you are in the land of Burns ; in the Highlands of Ossian, for no question of authorship extinguishes the poems, and they belong to the

scenery ; from Perthshire eastward, and southward to the English border, you are under the wizard spell of Scott ; and so elsewhere, every locality has its presiding genius of greater or less reputation.

When a traveller comes in sight of Edinburgh, from either north or south, he is reminded of its picture in “*Marmion*,” in which the poet gives vent also to his own enthusiasm—

“Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high ;
Mine own romantic town.”

And as he draws near to its outskirts, perhaps he feels like striking up that old fashionable song,

“Within a mile of Edinburgh town,”

if he has music in his voice to match the charming tune. As he ascends from the railway station into Princes Street, the first object to arrest his attention is the Gothic monument of Sir Walter Scott ; and as he traverses that fashionable thoroughfare to the westward, he passes the monumental statue of Allan Ramsay, and a most spirited counterfeit in bronze of Professor Wilson. As he pursues his walks from day to day through the streets, and up

and down the steeps of that really romantic town, and in its old churchyard, and its castle, and its palace, he feels himself lost among the multitude of classic memories. Great as the amount of prose to which Edinburgh is related, its affinities seem nearer to poetry. The very mists which float about the summit of the Pentland Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crag, seem to be of the cloud-land of fancy, rather than of the material of earthly fogs.

Southward from Edinburgh, a few miles on the road to Peebles, the train stopped at a station for Hawthornden. The name was poetry, but it was familiar, as connected with the life of William Drummond. I stepped out, and inquired the way to his house. It was easily found. Many other travellers had made the same inquiry. Two hundred years have not effaced the memory of the gentle poet from the minds of his countrymen. A walk of a short distance along the public road brought me to a gate on the left hand. Upon entering and paying the fee, the porter handed me a ticket with directions. The poet's house, it seemed, was a fashionable pilgrimage, worth paying something to see. Along a fine carriage

road I proceeded through a lawn, bordered and interspersed with trees, the whole rapidly inclining downward to the west, until I was soon in a glen considerably below the general level of the country, but still in well-kept pleasure grounds. At the end of the carriage road stood the house, on the brink of a lofty precipice over the Esk, which here runs in a deep ravine, both sides of which are covered with trees. Hawthornden is a charming spot for any one enamored of seclusion in the bosom of Nature, the very place for a poet like William Drummond. A more romantic combination, within small space, of all the elements of "picturesque scenery is no where to be found than is presented by the banks of the Esk," at, and in the neighborhood of Hawthornden. Everything about the place is, after the lapse of so many generations, still redolent of the poet. Here is still the seat beneath the shade where he was sitting when Ben Johnson, who had walked all the way from London to see him, arrived, and here the trees planted by his own hand are still growing.

His house was built upon the foundation, and took in a part of the old castle which in mediæval times stood on the edge of the cliff; and beneath

it are the caverns which once gave protection to the occupants of the castle in times of danger. They have been roughly hewn out by art, with openings in the face of the precipice for admission of air and light. Beneath the first, there is a second story down about half way to the bed of the river. Within later days the whole has been touched by the genius of one greater than Drummond. In the ballad of "Rosabelle," the mysterious light portentous of evil to the house of St. Clair,

Which "glared on Roslyn's castled rock,"
Which "ruddied all the copsewood glen,
Was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden."

Decending by a rustic footpath, I continued my walk through the "copsewood glen" until I reached the banks of the Esk; then crossing the little river by a footbridge, I followed the western side in a similar way up the stream among the rocks and trees. A guide encountered me, whose services I declined, advising him to wait for a party coming on behind me, who most likely needed his help more than I desired it. The path itself led to Roslyn Castle, a stout old ruin on its isolated

rock, overhanging the Esk, and connected with the country on the same side of the river only by a bridge. But its principal charm for me was what it derives from the beautiful old song and tune which bear its name, dear to me from the recollections of boyhood.

After wandering all around and in the dank and gloomy ruin, I ascended the hill, on which stands Roslyn Chapel. That little church, the only part ever erected of a great design, is one of the most exquisitely finished and adorned to be found in Europe, and still in perfect preservation. But profoundly sensible as I was of all that beauty hewn in stone, I thought more of the poetry which clothed it, and wedded it to the fortunes of the St. Clairs of Roslyn Castle, as I stood over the vault where

“ Roslyn’s chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply,”

and of the mysterious light which issued from it on the eve of misfortune to that illustrious family, when it

“ Seemed all on fire within, around
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale,
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmered all the dead men’s mail ;

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair."

Leaving Roslyn Chapel I crossed to the eastern side of the Esk, and joined the railroad at Roslyn station.

By another road, a few miles farther to the east, I went on southward, whereby I had on my left the old town of Dalkeith and its palace, in early times the seat of the Earls of Morton, the scene of many a stirring event in Scottish history, and now the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. But taking a tenderer hold of my heart than either nobility or statesmanship, not very far off in the same direction lay the birthplace of William Dunbar, four hundred years ago the greatest poet of his time in the English language. I had that morning left behind me the scene of more than one or two of his poems in the old palace of Holyrood.

While still meditating upon the great gifts and humble fortunes of him, who in more senses than one, had "fallen on evil times;" and how in those ages when genius had to look to patronage for

support, the Samsons of intellect were often degraded, seduced by necessities to "play on to make" sport for Philistines, I discovered that with the rapidity of steam we were already descending by the course of the little river Gala. There came up the associations of poetry, but, in this instance, of popular song, in the once familiar words and music of "Braw Lads o' Gala Water." Gala, however, has other associations now, near its junction with the Tweed, not so attractive to the fancy, though more profitable to the body, in the cloth factories of Galashiels.

But by way of balance to that too material good, a short distance up the Tweed from where the Gala enters it, stands Abbotsford, that "romance in stone and lime," created by the master of modern romancers. The sight of that structure calls up a world of poetry to the mind of any one acquainted with the writings of its author—and who is not? It was built with poetry, it was furnished with romance, itself the birthplace of the most fascinating and manly of romances, and the scene of one, the most manly of all, the tragic epic of the author's own last years.

Abbotsford is not of palatial size, but is a spa-

cious house, as compared with most of American villas. Although in its outside and general æsthetic effect, a product of imagination—a poet's dwelling, its inner arrangements are laid out with supreme regard to convenience. The study, the principal object of interest to a visitor, is small but cosy, and opens conveniently on the same floor into the library, and has a gallery running round it at about half the height of the ceiling, from which, at a corner, opens a door into Scott's bed-room. The dining-room has a large bow-window looking to the north. In front of it is a smooth, green lawn; and beyond that flows the Tweed. On the opposite bank of the river, the ground is higher, and further off rises to such elevation as may be called a mountain. Some low trees are strewed along the banks of the Tweed, but not so as to obstruct the view of the river from the window. That room is the most cheerful on the first floor, and to it, so the guide told me, Sir Walter in his last illness had his couch removed, and there died. And the statement was probably correct. For in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" it is mentioned that on his return from Italy, in a greatly debilitated state of both mind and body, a bed had

been prepared for him in the dining-room. I was, then, standing by the place where Sir Walter Scott saw his last sight of this world, and could not but think of Lockhart's description of the death scene. "It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." The day when I stood by that window was similarly bright and calm; I listened for the murmur of the Tweed, which, though low, I could plainly hear. Productions of the mind owe their interest chiefly to its own affections; but how much is that interest enhanced when we find them also truthful to reality.

CHAPTER III.

MELROSE—COWDENKNOWES—THOMAS OF ERCEL-
DOUNE—HAWICK—TEVIOTDALE—JOHN LEYDEN
—JEDBURGH—KELSO—THOMAS PRINGLE—
BERWICK—TWEEDSIDE.



MELROSE ABBEY is only three miles from Abbotsford, down the Tweed. From the residence of the wizard of the nineteenth century, I passed to the fane where lies buried the wizard of the middle ages—Michael Scott. I stood by his tomb, where the moss-trooper Deloraine, upon prying open the grave-stone, was dazzled by the elfin splendor from the face of the dead. A double or three-fold coloring of romance and poetry lies over that whole region—the religious romance of the middle ages, the barbaric romance of Border warfare and its spirited ballads, and the richer and brighter coloring of the “Lay

of the Last Minstrel." All have left their traces in the ruins of the beautiful old Abbey; in the adjacent Eildon hills, whose three summits are the work of familiar spirits at the command of Michael Scott, in popular traditions and in poetry which the public will not suffer to die.

Three miles from Melrose eastward, and on the river Leader, lies the estate of Cowdenknowes, the subject of an old song, of which nothing now remains save the tune and four lines of the chorus:

"With O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes."

Later times have produced other words, and plenty of them, for the air, which, however, still retains its old name of the Cowdenknowes. The broom, not commonly known in the United States, is the *plantagenesta*, a graceful feathery shrub, of deep green color, with bright golden blossoms. Although latterly subjected to humble household service, its name at one time stood among the highest places of power. For Geoffrey, Duke of Anjou, was wont to wear a sprig of the *plantagenesta* in his cap; and Geoffrey became the father of the Plantagenet dynasty of English kings.

The green and gold of the broom has now been removed from the Cowdenknowes to make place for turnips and pasture, but the simple air has not been erased from the music of Scotland.

Following the course of the Leader upwards, one comes, at the end of about a mile, to the ancient village of Earlston, formerly Erceldoune, the residence of the earliest poet, as far as now known, in the English language. Thomas, the Rhymour of Erceldoune, died before the year 1289, and inasmuch as it appears that he was nearly, if not altogether, as old as the century, it may be presumed that his principal poem was composed several years before that date, and must be now full six hundred years of age. That poem, if it really is his, the only one of his production now extant, is the metrical romance of Sir Tristram. It has not been preserved entire, but what remains of it amounts to over three hundred stanzas of eleven lines each, and of singular and difficult structure. Though few are acquainted with it now, and fewer still are able to read its obsolete English, yet it was worth while for it to live so long, if but to suggest the idea of the metrical romance to Sir Walter Scott.

By mistaking the train I was taken to Hawick, in the end right glad of the mistake, as it took me into the very heart of the scenes of border adventure. Not knowing where I was, upon stepping out of the cars, I asked the guard, "What little river is that?" "That, sir, is the Tee'ot." I shook my head. The name had no relation to anything in my knowledge. "Some people," he added, "call it Teviot." Ah, that was a different thing—that was like the wand of a magician, bringing all Chevy Chase to mind. For the followers of the Douglas in that affray were

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."

Or, as the older set of the ballad has it :

"They wear twenty hondrith spearmen good,
Withouten any fayle;
They wear born a-long by the water a-Tweed,
Ythe bowndes of Teviotdale."

Having some two or three hours to wait for the returning train, I pursued my walk up the river on the hillside above the town of Hawick, where quite unexpectedly I came into the neighborhood of Branxholme Castle, the principal scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the once redoubt-

able fortress of the Scotts of Buccleuch. Yes, that was the place, however, now changed externally to suit modern taste and comfort, and surrounded by peaceful fruits of prosperous industry, where the rude heroes of four hundred years ago used to

“lie down to rest
With the corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard,
Where they carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the hemlet barr'd.”

The distance over which I had travelled from Melrose was the night ride of William of Deloraine.
For

“When Hawick he passed had curfew rung,”

and as he reached his journey's end the

“Midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.”

But when I looked upon the peaceful and beautifully cultivated lands around me, and the prosperous manufacturing town, it was with gratitude to God that I felt the days of barbarity were over.

“Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.”

Hawick lies in a little valley on the Teviot, surrounded by cultivated mountains, forming an amphitheatre, open only where the river and its confluent stream, the Slittrig, enter, and where it flows out. The arena of the amphitheatre is almost entirely filled by the town, a busy manufacturing place, which, without any advantages of location, has been raised to its present prosperity by the sheer force of enterprise. The hills are ploughed, or lying in green pastures, or planted with trees over the summits, with only here and there a patch of furze on some spot perhaps deemed irreclaimable.

A short distance down the river stands the village of Denholm, the birthplace of John Leyden, a man whose variety and breadth of attainment left too little of his brief life for production. With a facility in acquiring languages, not second to that of Sir William Jones, or Professor Alexander Murray, he excelled also in natural science, and published poems which elicited the admiration of Sir Walter Scott. In fondness for mediæval and ballad poetry he resembled Scott and afforded him important assistance in collecting the "Border Minstrelsy." His longest poem,

"Scenes of Infancy," is descriptive of his native vale, binding together the flowers in the poetic coronal of the Teviot.

Opposite Denholm, on the left side of the river, lies the winding dell of Hazeldean, connected with several old songs, but best known from the spirited ballad, "Jock o' Hazeldean." A few miles further down, on the right side, and some two miles from the Teviot, lies the town of Jedburgh, more celebrated than honored by tradition for its peculiar justice in making sure of the execution of a culprit quickly, and deliberating upon the merits of his case at leisure. But "Jeddart justice," in those days of violence, was not always confined to Jedburgh. The ballad called "The Raid of the Red Swire" celebrates, I believe, the last act of border warfare in that quarter.

But gentler associations were also there. For in the same shire of Roxburgh, though on the other side of the Tweed, lie the little parish and village of Ednam, where the poet of the Seasons was born, and learned his first lessons in the reading of Nature. And at Kelso, where the Teviot joins the Tweed, were spent the earlier days of Alexander Hume, one of the so-called

uneducated poets of Scotland, who merits respectful mention for the purity and gentle pathos of his songs ; and of Thomas Pringle, the original projector of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and author of the well-known poem, "Afar in the desert I love to ride." Although Pringle's literary labors were carried on chiefly in Edinburgh, yet, when he left his native land for South Africa, it was attachment to Teviotdale which called forth the song of farewell :

"Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu ;
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale
And Cheviot's mountains blue.
Farewell ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renowned in song ;
Farewell ye braes and blossomed meads
Our hearts have loved so long."

At Kelso I spent a night and morning close beside the ruins of its Abbey, one of the pious foundations of King David I. ; and with still more interest looked upon the place where Walter Scott commenced his literary career, and his friend Ballantyne first set up his press, and issued the first edition of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

From Kelso to Berwick the way lies still within

the formerly debateable land between England and Scotland, a land full of the memories of a barbarous history, and of atrocities which it sickens the heart to recount, and yet the birthplace of a ballad literature the most spirited in the English language. In the middle ages, from the side of England, the minstrel was commonly referred to the "North Countrie," and in the south of Scotland the favorite lilt was "Some ancient Border gathering song." As preserved in Percy's and Scott's collections, many of them have long taken their place as classics in that department of poetry. I was now traversing a large part of the scenery of "Marmion." A short way above where we crossed the Till, the battle of Flodden was fought, and not far off, on the other hand, it was that, on the succeeding night,

"Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band
Disorder'd through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail."

Beyond the Till, we stopped at a way station for a few moments. At a short distance, on a high

bank over the Tweed, stood a massive ruin. Within myself I felt that I knew it; but to make sure, asked a person standing by. "That is Norham Castle," was the reply. I knew it was. Sir Walter Scott's descriptions seldom fail in accuracy—

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone."

They were all there; the very picture before me. In the distance to the south rose the long ridge of the Cheviots, as desolate and lone, to all appearance, as in the time for which the picture was drawn.

In the long-continued wars between the two kingdoms the city which suffered most was Berwick-upon-Tweed. Repeatedly torn from Scotland and added to England, and from England to be restored to Scotland, it was finally constituted a separate dominion. And so it has stood for more than three hundred years, a witness to the conflict which rent it from the shire to which it gives name.

But, after all these warlike and barbarous associations with the past, one can hardly take leave of "Tweedside" without thinking of the old pastoral

love song of that name—a very favorable specimen of the sentimental style of song fashionable in the last century, and less insipid than its fellows, because deriving some of its imagery from the song of Solomon :

“What beauties does Flora disclose,
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
Yet Mary’s, still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and fancy exceed.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We’ll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather’d folks sing.

’Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love’s graces around her do dwell,
She’s fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
Oh, tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ? ”

CHAPTER IV.

TO LINDISFARNE—THE ISLAND—THE RUINS—THE
MISSIONARIES FROM IONA—AIDAN—FINAN—
CONFLICT WITH CANTERBURY—CUTHBERT—
POSTHUMOUS ADVENTURES OF ST. CUTHBERT—
FATE OF HOLY ISLAND—POETRY ABOUT IT.



FROM Berwick-on-Tweed, down the eastern coast of England, I hied with the joyous speed of steam, one cool but sunny morning of early June. To our right were the hills of the Cheviot range, and on our left the shining waters of the German Sea. I was now in "mountainous Northumberland," at one time a strong Anglo-Saxon Kingdom; but far wider and more poetically known as the Northumberland of the Percies, from which they so often issued to ravage the farms of their northern neighbors. The same adventures sung on the

Tweed and the Teviot were here recounted from the other side.

Beale, seven miles from Berwick, is the station for Lindisfarne. And to Lindisfarne I wanted to go. But Beale is only a station. No village is there, no hotel, no livery stable, nor aught that takes any notice of travellers except the station master. Beale is a farm, large and productive, but the farm-house is at a considerable distance from the railroad, and has nothing special to do with it. There is no public conveyance to Lindisfarne. Tourists have not found it out, or their time has not yet come. No accommodations are made with a view to them. When the train had passed and I was left there alone, the station master politely interested himself in my enterprise, and informed me that there were two ways of getting to Holy Island. One was by walking about a mile to the coast, and then wading the sound and wet sands, at low tide. The second was by procuring the help of a returning fish-cart. I preferred the latter. A vehicle of that kind was at hand—the only one. Gladly I took a seat with the fisherman, and mounted on an empty oyster barrel made the rest of my pilgrimage to the Holy Isle.

Lindisfarne is an island, and never really a peninsula, notwithstanding what a poet says who is not often wrong in a description. The nuns of Whitby, as related in *Marmion*, arrived here at high water.

“The tide did now his flood-mark gain
And girdled in the saint’s domain ;
For with the flow and ebb the style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod o’er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way :
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.”

This is in the main correct, inasmuch as the great expanse of sandy flat between the island and mainland is at one place left uncovered at low tide, but at no time of the day can one pass it dry-shod. He has to wade for a short distance through shallow water, and further through shallow mud. At high water the sound is, at the same point, not less than two miles wide, if not more. This partial connection with the mainland is the northern part of the direct west channel ; its southern part is always under water ; and the channel on the south side of the island is deep enough to float ships of considerable size.

Lindisfarne, now generally called Holy Island, although the old name is also in use (the people know it by either), is about seven miles in circumference, and consists chiefly of rock and sand hills. There is some good arable land on it, and a neat little village. Both are on its southern side, where also the rocks rise highest. The occupations of the people are chiefly those of the fisherman and sailor. The island makes the north side of a bay, the south side of which is the cape where Bamborough stands. The old castle of Bamborough, upon its lofty rock, is full in view. That of Lindisfarne, upon a similar rock, but not so large, is near the southern extremity of the island. And on the same southern shore, but at its western corner, rises an elevated and precipitous rocky embankment, like a protecting wall. North of that natural rampart stand the ruins of the old ecclesiastical buildings. They begin close at its foot, and cover a large space of ground.

No part of the ruins is in condition to be used for residence, but they are of much more extent and importance than I expected to find. The cathedral, which is probably the most recent, appears by its style to be of great antiquity. Enough remains

to declare the plan, style and size of the building. Of the usual cruciform shape, and of the same mottled brownish yellow sandstone, at first sight it reminds one of Melrose, but is neither so large nor so beautiful. It has the appearance of being more ancient, and is in nearly the same state of ruinous preservation. Most of the architecture is of the Saxon variety, the pillars are short, and most of the arches semicircular. Only the three large windows of the choir are pointed. The greater part of the west front and of its south side tower remain, also the first story of the north wall of the nave, with two pillars of the corresponding side aisle, and one of the piers which supported the central tower, with the arches between them, and the architrave above, but only the bases of the other three pillars on that side. On the south side all the nave is gone, except part of the bases of the pillars, and the wall, in its whole length, but only a few feet of its height. Of the transept on the south side a large part of the eastern wall remains, and the pier which on that side supported the central tower. It is diagonally opposite to the only other remaining central pier, and the arch between them, called from its airy

lightness, the rainbow arch, has been recently repaired. Of the direct arches only a few feet remain from the springing points. In the transepts the walls are sufficiently preserved to determine the size and form of that part of the structure.

The choir is unusually long, in proportion to the nave, and is more completely preserved, though the whole roof is gone. The arch of the great east window is pointed, by the intersection of such large curves, that the first impression upon the observer is almost that of a triangle, and the effect stiff and ungraceful. Two great side windows, opposite each other, north and south, are also pointed, but so flat as to vary little from a consecutive curve. Two small windows on each side of the choir, between the large ones and the transepts, are covered by semicircular arches.

The height of the west front wall is between fifty and sixty feet, as near as I could judge, and of the tower and transepts about the same. There is part of a spiral stone stair in one corner of the central tower, which seems to have led to the top, also in each of the front towers.

The reddish brown and pale yellow sandstone of which the Abbey is built is much worn by the

action of the weather. The other buildings, of a simpler architecture, apparently a plain chapel and dwelling houses with inclosure walls, are still more deeply weather-worn, as they seem to be more ancient. The inclosure is a large quadrangle, of which the Abbey occupies the northern end, and the great natural embankment limits the southern.

When Aidan first planted his residence on this little ungainly isle, he contented himself with an humble thatched cabin. His successor built a better church of hewn oak covered with reeds. And several other improvements followed successively before the beautiful Abbey rose. Yet it bears the features of Saxon times, and of having been enlarged or repaired when the Gothic style was yet only beginning its career.

“In Saxon strength the abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain ;

And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirate's band.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran worn but unsubdued."

No longer unsubdued now, the veteran, who succumbed not to an enemy worse than himself, has given way to a power which is better.

From the top of this natural embankment, where I stand, a fine view is obtained of the whole island and adjacent coast of Northumberland, from near Berwick to as far south as Bamborough and the Farne Islands. At the foot of the embankment, on its south side, flow the waters of the sound, and from its foot on the northern side spread the ruins ; then beyond a little strip of meadow, lies the village ; then a few cultivated fields, and finally, sand hills to the ocean boundary

on the north. This is the western side of the island. On the east of where I stand is the harbor ; then along the coast, a plain, as far as to the castle, which is mounted upon a lofty rock rising precipitously out of the plain, and close by the sea. It is the highest point of the island, which otherwise consists of flats and low undulating mounds. It is an uninviting island, and seems to have been constructed by the waves of the German Sea, rolling down from the north, and heaping up the sand in bank after bank against the ledges of rocks, which form the foundation of its southern side. Not a single feature that can properly be called beautiful belongs to it ; and yet few places on this northern coast of England are possessed of an interest equal to that of Lindisfarne. Nor in coming down these seven miles south of the Tweed have I departed from the romantic and poetic history of the Northern Kingdom. All that makes Lindisfarne an object of special interest, or ever drew the eye of the historian or poet to it, is due to Scotland. Its attractions belong to the early history of the church, and the church of Lindisfarne was the child of Iona.

Oswald, a young Anglo-Saxon prince, during a

residence in Scotland was converted to the gospel. Upon coming to the throne of Northumbria in 635 A. D. he sent to the elders of the Scots, desiring that they would send him one by whose instruction the nation whom he governed might be taught the Christian faith. They complied with his request. Their first missionary was unsuccessful, and returned to Iona discouraged, whereupon they sent Aidan, a man whose zeal was equaled by his prudence. Upon his arrival, King Oswald assigned him for residence this little unattractive island. It was the missionary's own choice—a choice determined perhaps by the situation of the island resembling that of Iona, from which he came.

Aidan was accompanied and followed by a number of Scottish missionaries, who with great devotion preached the gospel, and planted churches in those counties over which King Oswald reigned. And their humble house on Lindisfarne was their common home, their place of rest when sick or weary, and of meeting for consultation, and mutual support in devotional zeal. Northumbria in a few years became a Christian country, and money for erection of churches was liberally furnished by the King.

Some of the fellow-laborers of Aidan were laymen ; but laymen or clergymen, their daily employment was reading the Scriptures and committing them to memory. A group of islets called the Farne Islands, lie from seven to nine miles from here, to the south, and immediately off the coast from Bamborough. Upon one of these did Aidan build himself a cell for more recluse retirement, in special seasons of prayer and meditation.

Upon the death of King Oswald in 642 A. D., his head was taken to the church of Lindisfarne. When Aiden died, nine years afterwards, he was succeeded by Finan, also from Iona, who, prosecuting the work so well began, carried the victories of his cause far into the centre of England, and with his fellow missionaries, set up churches in the Saxon Kingdom of Mercia, and a new missionary centre in its capital, the modern Repton, in Derbyshire.

Other laborers from Iona followed, and ministers were ordained from their English converts, who pushed forward the work in the same spirit, until all the east of England, and much of its center, as far south as Tilbury-on-the-Thames, was brought over to Christianity.

Iona was then in the prime of her activity and success. And the worship she taught, although burdened with some superstitious observances, was nearer the primitive simplicity of the gospel than any other in the seventh century. But a fatal conflict was already begun.

While Aidan and his assistants were itinerating and preaching in the north of England, a similar process, but conducted with vastly greater temporal force, was advancing from the south. Forty years before the planting of the church on Lindisfarne, a company of Romish monks had landed on the coast of Kent. At their head was the monk Augustin, commissioned to that service by Pope Gregory I. They found an ally in the Queen of Kent, who had learned Roman Christianity at the court of her father, the King of France. Her persuasives converted her husband, and the conversion of the nation soon followed. Kent becoming Christian, a centre of missionary effort was planted at Canterbury; and thence, during the next seventy years, progress was made, from nation to nation, northward. While the clergy of Lindisfarne were pursuing their work from the north, they were encountered by the advance of this

movement from Canterbury. A conflict ensued. But the strength of Lindisfarne, backed only by the mother church in Iona, was ill-matched with that of Canterbury, having forty years start in the race, and backed by all the resources of Rome. A new stationary camp for the southern interest was constituted at York, from which the campaign for reducing the north was to proceed with renewed energy. Treason in the ranks of the northern ministry accelerated the victory of Rome; and, before the seventh century came to a close, the stronger power had completely established its authority in England. At a synod held in the monastery of Whitby, 664 A. D., Lindisfarne was left in so small a minority that her influence immediately began to decline, and Colman, her third principal, from Aidan, with a small number of those who adhered to the old discipline, withdrew to his native land. Tuda, his successor, attempted to compromise, retaining partly the practices of Iona, and yielding on some points to the Romanists. But no half-way measures would satisfy the party now strong enough to carry their own. Tuda also, in the issue of controversy, returned to Scotland; and an Abbot of Melrose, but of English birth, was

set over the vacant church. Entire conformity was not established until 685 A. D., when Cuthbert became the principal, and submitted in all things to the stronger force. Lindisfarne became an abbacy under the Romish system, and all its peculiar distinction came to an end; subsequently afterward even the diocesan authority assigned to it was transferred to Durham.

The memory of Cuthbert has accordingly been loaded with the crowning extravagance of legend, as relating to Holy Isle. The weight of his name was to be used for the purpose of withdrawing the last remnant of authority from the institution over which he had presided. He died at the retreat on Farne Island, 688; but was buried in the church of Lindisfarne. After the lapse of eleven years, Divine Providence, it is said, put it into the minds of the brethren to take up his bones, intending to put them into a new coffin, for the honor due to him. To their most pious surprise, they found the "body whole, as if it had been alive, and the joints pliable, more like one asleep than dead; besides, all the vestments he had on were not only sound, but wonderful for their freshness and gloss."*

* Bede, *Ecclesi. Hist.*, iv. c. 30.

To this story, which may not have varied greatly from the truth, subsequent credulity or imposture, or both, made astounding additions. It was then asserted that, fleeing from an invasion of the Danes, in A. D. 793, the monks carried with them the body of their favorite saint. He proved to be a fastidious corpse, and for years gave them no rest. So difficult was he to be satisfied with a place of burial, he constrained them to carry him through most of the south of Scotland, without giving any intimation of just where he wanted to be put. In desperation they concluded to take him to Ireland; but that he could not stand, and raised such a storm at sea that they were glad to put back. Thinking that he might be, or at least ought to be, satisfied in the holy ground at Melrose, they took him there. He remained stationary only a short time, and then, taking a new start, caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed, in a canoe hewn out of stone, in which he floated down to Tilmouth. Thence on the shoulders of his bearers he paraded through Northumberland and Yorkshire, as far as Ripon, thence back northward to Durham. There he became immoveable, and chose to deposit all the savor of his sanctity. Durham, accordingly,

became the seat of the episcopate, and Lindisfarne ceased to be anything more than a Monastery of the Anglican Romish Church.

The controversy, which terminated in the defeat of Lindisfarne, was concerning the time and order of keeping Easter, and the rules of ecclesiastical life ;* the Romish party seeking to introduce those observed in their church, instead of the simpler and more ancient which had been brought from Iona.

Finan's old thatched house, after having undergone many repairs, one of which was the substitution of lead for thatch, was finally removed to make way for this cathedral structure, the foundation of which was laid in 1094 A. D.

In these broad ruins I read nothing of Lindisfarne's best days. They are the witnesses of her subjugation and bondage—that long period in which Cuthbert was her patron saint. There, things were done and taught as they were done and taught everywhere else in monastic institutions. Immaculate and transcendant sanctity being the profession, whatever would mar that reputation had to be crushed out of sight. Men and women who

* Bede, iii. c. 25.

lived there must be held up before the world as holy, for on that the success of the cloister depended. Some of them must be even miraculously holy ; and their holiness of a kind unattainable in other walks of life. If not, what was the use of the monastery ? Salvation as a gift of grace anybody may receive ; but salvation by dint of hard striving, and perfection of good works, is an attainment of enormous difficulty, which only the few can make, and for which they deserve all honor and credit. And if a saint succeeds in laying by a wealth of righteousness more than enough for his own salvation, why should not the surplus be applied to the deficiency of some poor sinner who lacks ? And if it is, why should not that poor sinner pay the saint a portion of adoration ? Upon that impression did the success of the monastery depend. For where else but in a monastery could such holiness be accumulated ? Such saints were the heroes of their respective institutions ; and monks and nuns

“ essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne’er can tire
A holy maid ; for be it known,
That their saint’s honor is their own.”

The following little poem, published in *Fraser's Magazine* some forty years ago, is a good picture of a kind of merit they used to teach here, though drawn by a modern pen :

THE NUN OF LINDISFARNE.

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line ;
 But though come of such high degree,
 The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
 Was not so humble of heart as she,—
 Her soul was meek exceedingly.
 She told her beads by the midnight lamp ;
 Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp,
 For the veil and the vows of a nun she had taken.
 Soft were the visions from on high
 That passed before her saintly eye ;
 Sweetly on her ravished ear
 Fell the sound of music near,—
 Music more lovely than vesper's hymn,
 Or the strains of starry cherubim,
 Or the witching tones of melody sent
 From sweetest earthly instrument.
 Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
 And ever arose to the heavenly clime ;
 Her aspirations sought the sky
 Upon the wings of piety ;
 For more divinely pure were they
 Than morning of a summer day,
 Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
 The pasture-crowned top of Lebanon.
 To visit this maiden of mortal birth
 An angel of heaven came down to earth.

* * * * *

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed,—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Lindisfarne's black convent old.
Each nun hath heard the convent bell,
Each nun hath hied her to her cell ;
Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp,
Will not forsake the chapel damp.
Rapt in delicious ecstasy,
Visions came athwart her eye ;
Music on her ear doth fall
With a tone celestial ;
And a thousand forms by fancy bred,
Like halos hover round her head.
But what doth Linda now behold
From that chapel damp and cold ?
She sees—she sees the angel bright
Descending through the fields of light ;
For although dark before, the sky
Was now lit up with a golden dye,
And wore a hue right heavenly.

“ Daughter of earth,” the angel said,
“ I am a spirit—thou a maid.
I dwell within a land divine ;
But my thoughts are not more pure than thine,
Whilome, by command of Heaven,
To me thy guardianship was given ;
And if on earth thou couldst remain
Twice nine years without a stain,
Free from sin and sinful thought,
With a saint-like fervor brought,
Thy inheritance should be
In the bowers of sanctity,
Side by side forever with me.
Thou hast been pure as the morning air,
Pure as the downy gossamer—

Sinful thought had never part
In the chambers of thy heart—
Then thy mansion house of clay,
Linda, quit, and come away.”

Morning heard the convent bell,
And each nun hath left her cell ;
And to chapel all repair
To say their holy matins there.
At the marble altar kneeling,
Eyes upraised unto the ceiling,
With the cross her hands between,
Saintly Linda's form was seen.
Death had left his pallid trace
On the fair lines of her face ;
And her eyes that wont to shine
With a ray of light divine,
At the chant of morning hymn,
Now was curtailed o'er and dim.
Pale as alabaster stone—
“ Where hath Sister Linda gone ? ”

Linda was a self-made saint, it seems, owing nothing—at least nothing worth speaking of—to a Saviour ; one of the kind that never needed any repentance ; but a good ideal of a certain order of Romish saints.

Poetry has also depicted another aspect of that cloister life. Would that it had been only poetry. But the sins of the cloister must be concealed from the laity, and the chances of exposure be buried where they never can rise again. The fate of

Constance de Beverley, who "died at Holy Isle," with its attendant circumstances, as described in the second canto of *Marmion*, is not history, but it is fearful truth, in the sense in which a parable is true. Lindisfarne was a monastery; a cloister for men, not for women. Scott honestly states that his nunnery at Holy Isle is fictitious. But although the scene of convent punishment did not take place here, it is one which fact abundantly justifies the poet in referring to the times when cloisters were high in honor.

An indescribable interest warms the heart to all the footsteps of long departed human life. But as I sit upon this lofty embankment, on the stone seat from which pilots watch the neighboring sea, and look upon the broad and varied scene of Nature spread around, and down upon these remains of mediæval monasticism, I experience a sense of relief in that the latter are ruins, beyond the hope of restoration, and that the dismal state of society, which gave occasion to their erection, is gone, never to return. The Christian world is learning more intimately of Nature, and more immediately of Christ. And if anything as bad as the cloister, as artificial and *unhuman*, should ever again invade

the Church, it is to be hoped that educated men will counteract it, by taking refuge in the free outdoor life of Nature, as Scott relieves the mind of his reader, after the oppressive scene in the judgment vaults of that now delapidated temple, and with the equally out-door colors and more glorious freedom of the teaching of Christ.

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CHAPTER V.

ESKDALE—KIRKCONNEL—ANNANDALE—THE
BRUCES—ETTRICK—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD
—YARROW.



N active pedestrian, who walks not on principle and for exercise, but because he takes pleasure in the use of his limbs, may enjoy an exhilarating ramble among the upper waters of the Teviot, and over the hills, into the wilds of Westkirk, or of Eskdalemuir.

The mountains, though bare, and not overwhelmingly sublime in elevation, are majestic, and cleft by many a romantic glen. And when he reaches one of the summits commanding a view of the western side, he will see far below, and opening away to the south, between its banks of wild and broken hills, the contracted but lovely vale through which flows the Southern Esk. And if he looks

with the eyes of a reader of Scottish history and fiction, he will perhaps behold more than the mountains, more than the wild tossed uplands, and more than the winding vale in the midst of them ; he will see the hues of romance, and of traditionary history, which has long ago become as good as romance, spread over all. For that is the Eskdale of the Avenels and Rosedals and of others of mediæval fame. From the tops of these mountains east to the tops of yon mountains northwest, and all the way down between them to the plains, did good King David I., in consideration of military service, bestow upon his Norman friend, Robert Avenel. And this Upper Eskdale, now lying at our feet, is the donation piously made by Robert Avenel to the Monks of Melrose, before he hung up his well-worn sword, and joined their "cowled society." His heirs might well be satisfied with what remained, for Lower Eskdale seems by far the more valuable portion of the two. The possessions of the Avenels in course of time passed into other hands, those of the Rosedals, of the Douglasses, and later of Maxwells, and Armstrongs, all families of Border renown, and each having a more or less romantic history of its own.

When our pedestrian descends from the hills, and, joining the road from Ettrick, makes his way, along the banks of the Esk, to the lower country, he still has not forsaken the region of romance. For the road takes him right into the heart of Langholm, and by the now ruined castle of the Armstrongs. And there is the holm of Langholm, where "Johnnie Armstrong and his gallant company of thirty-six men," when going to meet King James V.,

"Ran their horse and brak their spears."

The bold freebooter believed that his monarch would be glad to receive his submission when frankly offered. King James ordered him to excution. It was perhaps wisely done, but not in the spirit which the public of that day admired. Johnnie Armstrong's reputation accordingly received the popular sympathy, and minstrels found him a favorite theme.

Here, also, in this same parish of Langholm, is the birthplace of William Julius Mickle, translator of "*Camoens*," and author of some good original poems. Among those which occur to memory most readily is the fine ballad of "*Cumnor Hall*," which had the honor of suggesting to Sir Walter

Scott the groundwork of his romance of Kenilworth ; and that exquisite song, "There's nae Luck about the House," which has touched more hearts than his translation of the "Lusiad," and is likely to carry further on the flight of time.

A little further south lies "Canobie Lee," where, of course, one thinks of the "lost bride of Netherby." And a finer ground than Canobie Lee for "racing and chasing," after a runaway bride, one need not desire. Just over the English Border is Netherby Hall ; and the road we are following leads down, by Gretna Green, to "Merry Carlisle." But as we have no design upon the Bishop's wine, nor desire to imitate "The Witch of Fyfe" and her "Auld Gudeman," nor to see how "The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall," we shall turn from Canobie westward into Kirkpatrick-Fleming, the old parish of Kirkconnel, and pass through to the beautifully wooded banks of Kirtle. There, although there is much to charm the eye, in the improvement which art has made upon nature, more interest attaches to a tale of human affection. It is one of a long time ago, but has not lost its hold upon the hearts of the people of that quarter. They can still point out the place, on the banks of

Kirtle, where the tragedy occurred. Here it was that Helen Irvine and Adam Fleming were walking together, when a disappointed rival aimed a gun at the accepted lover, and "Fair Helen," rushing to his bosom to protect him, received the bullet in her own heart. Again, there is the spot where Fleming, frenzied with grief and revenge, overtook the murderer, and slew him with the sword. But his own peace was ruined. The dreadful scene could never be banished from his mind. He went abroad, and served in foreign armies; and returned only to die. His grave, beside that of Helen, is still pointed out in the old churchyard of Kirkconnel.

The first cast of the ballad was his own composition—a simple, earnest utterance of the desolation of woe, written perhaps in some far distant military camp :

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries,
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
My winding sheet put o'er my een,
I wish my grave were growing green,
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Soon may I be where Helen lies,
Who died for love of me."

This is not art. These are sobs rather than verses. Their words drop like heavy tears. Other hands have pursued the theme with more skill; but there is a direct intensity in these lines, which tells of a terrible reality. In the light of art the finest song on the subject is that by John Mayne of Dumfries, author of the "Siller Gun."

In an excursion up Annandale, I found myself still in the region of Border adventure and song, and of what, as a subject of song, has been more fertile and more national, the fortunes of the Bruce. It was as lords of Annandale that the forefathers of that royal dynasty became Scotch. Originally they were Norman. The first Robert de Brus came into England with the Conqueror. His son, constituted lord of Annandale by favor of David I., King of Scotland, was followed by a line of baronial Bruces, who ruled on Annan over two hundred years. One of them by marrying the heiress of Carrick greatly enlarged the possessions of his house. It was his son who became the liberator and King of Scotland, and conferred its heroic reputation on the name.

Just over the hills which bound the upper part of Annandale on the east, extends Ettrick Forest,

the birthplace and residence of James Hogg, poetically designated the Ettrick Shepherd, although, in fact, that epithet is no more poetical than it is biographical. For the man was a shepherd and a sheep farmer all his days, and successful as he was in literature, never aimed at anything else. Ridicule of his rustic manners, no doubt, marred the effect of his genius, upon many, in his own days. A self-reliant and fertile intellect, fearless in expression, more accustomed to commune with itself, among the hills, than to consider the ways of men, and until late in life, inexperienced in the fashions of society, could hardly fail to suffer in that way. But there were not a few, and those of the highest calibre, who estimated him truly. Not in depicting life and its common characters and motives did his strength lie, but in lyrical expression, and especially in that region of the supernatural, where human life exists without its earthly conditions, and all its affections are spiritualized, good or ill, and seen as in a dream. In that he holds a peculiar dominion of his own. Many of his songs also have been long and widely popular among his countrymen. That a man, whose condition in life was so lowly, and his edu-

cation so defective, that, at twenty-six years of age, he had to teach himself to write the alphabet, should, by the time he was of middle life, take his place, as a respected associate in literary labors, with Pringle, Wilson, Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, is one of the most extraordinary facts in literary history. He was not a Burns, it is true; there is a power, a passion, and breadth of manhood in Burns, with a maturity of self-culture, which spurns all consideration of circumstances; but, if we are to say who is second, of all the peasant poets none can dispute the place with the Ettrick Shepherd.

A handsome monument to his memory stands, most appropriately, on the shores of St. Mary's lake, in the heart of the district he has honored.

All that belt of country along the Ettrick and Yarrow, from Annandale to Tweed, has, like many other parts of his native land, been colored by his romances, his metrical tales and songs. It is a highly favored region in that respect. St. Mary's lake and Yarrow stream have attracted the love of poets in old as well as recent times. The Yarrow has been more frequently the theme of song, chiefly plaintive, than any other river in

Scotland. The loneliness of the vale through which it flows, and the sadness of the legends associated with it, seem to be in keeping. And so, also, is the poetry:—"The Douglas Tragedie," the "Song of the Outlaw Murray," the old fragment, "Willie drowned in Yarrow," Logan's poem, "Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow Stream," and the oldest verses of the "Yellow-haired Laddie," as well as the song by Hamilton of Bangour, beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow."

Perhaps most of all, an ancient ballad called the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," may have given the key to this chorus of plaintive song. Allan Ramsay's "Braes of Yarrow," McDonald's "Yarrow Vale," and the songs which celebrate Mary Scott, "The Flower of Yarrow," are in the same spirit.

The older songs have themselves received a consecrating touch from the pen of Wordsworth, who has written three of his sweetest poems on the Yarrow. And truly when one looks upon the little river so much and sadly celebrated, he feels impelled to adopt the language of the later poet:

“And is this Yarrow?—*This* the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel’s harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

“But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread—
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.”

CHAPTER VI.

LOCHMABEN—THE CASTLE OF THE BRUCES—THE
LOCHMABEN HARPER—MOFFAT—CRAIGIE BURN
WOOD—THE “GREY MARE’S TAIL”—LANARK-
SHIRE—THE DOUGLAS—CASTLE DANGEROUS.



ANNANDALE, more regularly constructed than Eskdale, is a beautiful valley stretching from the plains by the Solway northward, some thirty miles into the heart of the mountains, between two parallel ridges, which slope off on either side, like vast earthen embankments. And from the summits on the one side to those on the other, its average width is about fifteen miles. It was a right royal donation which King David I. made to his friend Robert Bruce, when he created him lord of Annandale. In the eleventh century the land was not cultivated as it is now; but any moderate

culture this rich soil will repay with abundance. The old castle of the Bruces at Lochmaben was planted in the midst of its best. The builders of that structure must have counted on a good income to keep it up in proper style. It is now in utter desolation, the best of its materials being carried away ; but even those diminished ruins show that the castle with its outworks must have covered about sixteen acres. This old fortress, the strongest on the Border, stood upon a peninsula in a lake, with a deep fosse crossing the isthmus, and receiving the waters of the lake at each end. Within that, at brief intervals, were three other fosses of the same kind, all, no doubt, at one time, furnished with their respective drawbridges and other means of defence. The baronial Bruce was not easy of access, when at home.

There has been poetry about Lochmaben, as must be about the birthplace of the liberator king ; but I am sorry to say that the people thereabouts evince little sense of it. They have stripped that magnificent ruin of all that was characteristic in its architecture, and left it little more than masses of rubble-stone and mortar. For ages it has been their quarry, when they wanted shapely stone.

Lochmaben people, I think, may be well represented, as far as poetry is concerned, by the ballad of the "Lochmaben Harper." Their minstrel was blind, but made his way to Carlisle Castle, where he succeeded, with his music and ballads, in holding the attention of all, gentry and servants alike, until late into the night. He then, to rest his hands and voice, slipped out for a few minutes, and went to the stable where his mare was stalled. He had left her foal at home. Tying the halter of the Warden's finest charger round her neck, he let them out, and, having seen them fairly on the road to Lochmaben, returned to his harp. His lay was now very plaintive; but not too soon did he make known the cause of his grief.

"Allace! allace! quo' the cunning auld harper,
And ever allace the day I cam here!
In Scotland I lost a braw cowl foal;
In England they've stown my gude grey mare!
Then aye he harped, and aye he carped:
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear,
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for his gude grey mare."

That was a strain which must have met the keen appreciation of his townsmen. At the same time, if any gentle reader who traces his descent from Lochmaben, casts his eye over this paragraph, I

wish him to understand that I speak here only about the poetry—and its practical aim—not the stealing. I should be sorry to have him think of retaliating upon his neighbors. Most of us who claim descent from the Border are not fond of too close inquiry into the history of our distant forefathers. There are points we would rather waive. Living in glass houses, we prefer to compromise. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted, in following up his paternal genealogy—in a loose and disconnected way, would have his friends understand—was discouraged from the pursuit, when he got as far as the minority of James V., by finding a man of his name—not, he thinks, connected with his particular line—of whom Buchanan says that the Regent earned much esteem by executing him. For he was a *latro insignis*—in plain English, a great thief.

In looking into this matter one day, without any purpose of research, I fell in with the following quotation from Bellenden's translation of Bøece:—
'In Annandail is ane loch namit Lochmaben, fyve mylis of lenth, and fourr of breid, full of uncouth fische. Besyde this loch is ane castell, under the same name, maid to dant the incursion of thevis.

For nocht allanerlie in Annandail, bot in all the dails afore rehersit ar mony strang and wekit thevis, invading the countre with perpetual thift, reif, and slauchter, when they se ony trublus tyme. Thir thevis (becaus they have Inglishmen thair perpetual ennymes lyand dry marche apoun thair nixt bordour) invadis Ingland with continewal weris or ellis with quiet thift, and leiffis ay ane pure and miserabill lyfe. In tyme of peace, thay ar so accustomit with thift, that thay can nocht desist, bot invadis the countre with ithand heirschippis."

Many benefits have accrued to England and Scotland from their union. National peace, national wealth, and the turning of enterprise into profitable channels, have been promoted all over ; but on their common border there must be added, safety in the careful culture of land formerly waste, and above all, the improvement of morals, public and private.

At the northern extremity of Annandale, and on the base of the Hartfell, the highest mountain in the south of Scotland, stands the fashionable watering place of Moffat. It possesses three mineral springs, of which the favorite one is about a mile and a half from the town. Although the

water is brought down in pipes, and can be had at the hotels, it is thought to be of greatest virtue when drunk at the fountain head, after walking to it. On a fine summer morning that walk up the hill-side is perhaps as healthful as the water. Recommended as remedial of impaired health, these waters are sought, and the place frequented, like other such places, more by persons whose object is to enjoy or abuse the health they have. It was here that Burns' well-known Bacchanalian song was written, when

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to pree."

The Hartfell, with his group of subordinates, here blocks up the great avenue of Annandale. Further north the only passage is by a gorge. Mountains bleak and wild stand about Moffat and its adjoining plain in a semi-circle like a theatre. The three rivers which meet in the plain below, and form the Annan, all descend to it through mountain gorges, more or less picturesque. "The wild and terrific wilderness along the upper part of the Moffat-water is the scene of many a stirring tradition respecting the gatherings and hidings of the persecuted Covenanters, and their narrow and

romantic escapes from the bloodhound pursuit of Claverhouse and his dragoons." On a tributary to the same river is a celebrated cataract, called the "Grey Mare's Tail," by which the waters issuing from Loch Skene, one thousand feet above sea level, are precipitated over a stupendous ledge of rocks four hundred feet in height. It is the subject of one of Sir Walter Scott's inimitable descriptions. The "Grey Mare's Tail" is eight miles and a half from the town of Moffat; and in going to it, one passes over a variety of interesting scenery—Craigie Hill, down by Craigie Burn, and through the shades of Craigie Burn wood, the subject of one, or rather two, of Burns' songs.

An earlier tourist has described this little trip as follows: "When we had passed Craigie Burn wood, we had a full view of the romantic glen, bounded by lofty hills, frowning like the surly sentinels of the region posted behind them. A ride more romantic than this, on a fine day, can scarcely be imagined. After riding by the side of the Moffat, about seven miles, we crossed it, and ascending the hill on the other side, had a full view of the cascade we were in search of. Here the water precipitating itself from rock to rock—

dashing, foaming, and thundering from a great height between two steep hills—falls into a dark pool, from whence it runs with less impetuosity to augment the waters of the Moffat. The water, by its precipitous fall, is broken by the air, so as to appear as white as snow.” The American tourist will feel some disappointment in the amount of falling water; but the Grey Mare’s Tail may be safely compared with Alpine cascades, though some of them are higher, and has features of its own, and in the wilderness of the gorge down which it plunges, which will interest him even after he has seen the falls of the Madesimo, in the Splugen Pass, and the Staubbach of the Lauterbrunnen.

Going northward from Annandale, we enter upon the mountainous portion of Lanarkshire, in which the most interesting to a lover of Scottish history is the parish of Douglas. The name belonged originally, perhaps, to the Douglas water, and was thence given also to the parish and the family. It became heroic first in the person of the “Good Sir James,” the attached friend and follower of King Robert Bruce, through all the war of liberation, and who commanded the

centre of the Scottish army at Bannockburn. His castle and estates though ravaged in the course of the war, were made good to him in the end. And his heirs continued to hold and to add to them, and to the importance of their house, until they almost balanced the weight of the throne. The Sir William Douglas of 1357 was created Earl in that year, and eight more Earls followed him in succession until 1488. But the family divided. The third wife of this Earl William was Margaret, Countess of Angus, who resigned her rights for the benefit of her son. A younger son of the house of Douglas thus became Earl of Angus. Popularly, the two branches were distinguished from each other as the Black and the Red. When the Black, or southern Douglas, fell under forfeiture, and, as a peerage, became extinct in 1488, the Red Douglas of Angus became sole representative of the family. In a short time the forfeited estates of the older branch came into their possession, and a new series of Earls of Douglas rose to a degree of importance on the borders not inferior to that of the former. It was one of this line who was the "Lord Angus" of "Marmion," and with whom that romantic hero had the spirited

conference at parting. The Earl of Douglas was in 1633 created Marquis by Charles I., and the third Marquis was in 1700 made Duke. With the death of the Duke of Douglas, without heirs, in 1761, the ducal rank came to an end. This old homestead, and part of the at one time vast estates fell to the Duke's sister's son, who took his mother's surname, and upon whom George III. conferred the favor of Baronial rank. A descendant of the friend of Bruce, the "Good Sir James," still occupied his estates as Lord Douglas, down until our own times. The old castle, however, is in ruins, destroyed accidentally by fire about the middle of last century. A new structure was forthwith erected upon an enlarged and magnificent plan. Not much remains of the old. It was the "Castle Dangerous" of the last romance which issued from the failing hand of Sir Walter Scott. Peaceful subjects enough since the union of the Kingdoms, and establishment of one recognized law, the masters of this domain were, for three hundred years, the champions of one side and the terror of the other side of the Scottish and English boundary line. Percies in England, and Douglasses in Scotland, were the Hectors and Achilleses of Border epic.

CHAPTER VII.

NITHSDALE—BURNS—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM—THE
RANDOLPHS—GALLOWAY—PAUL JONES—
SWEETHEART ABBEY—QUEEN MARY'S LAST
JOURNEY IN SCOTLAND—LOCH KEN—MARY'S
DREAM—THE WILD SCOT OF GALLOWAY—SIR
ARCHIBALD THE GRIM—THE McCLELLANS—
THE GORDONS OF KENMURE—SAMUEL RUTHER-
FORD—DR. THOMAS BROWN.



T was a matter of regret that I could give so little time to Nithsdale, abounding as it does with literary and historical associations. There are the scenes connected with the last days of Burns; there, on the banks of the Nith at Ellisland, is the farm, where for the last time he attempted to make Pegasus work profitably in the plow; there, at Dumfries, is the last house he occupied; and there, in the cemetery of Dumfries, is his grave. There also is the

first of those beautiful monuments erected to his memory, beholding which the onlooker cannot help thinking that the price of any one of them conferred on the poet while alive, might have removed much of the suffering which clouded his later years.

From Nithsdale also was obtained much of Cromek's collection of Nithsdale and Galloway song, in as far as it was not written by Allan Cunningham. Nor need that be excepted, for Allan was a Nithsdale man, and in his boyhood lived on a farm on the other side of the river from Burns, whom he would sometimes cross to see, and kindle his young enthusiasm from the presence of the already celebrated poet. There also was the home of Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun," of Bennett, Aird and others, some of whose productions have gone to countries where their own names are unknown.

When, in the reign of David I., Norman land-owners were settled in Eskdale and Annandale, the possession of Nithsdale was still in native hands. And while the Bruces in the succeeding two hundred years were gradually building up their power, which was ultimately to become regal,

one of their most powerful supporters was taking shape and strength in the adjoining dale to the west. The oldest son of Dunegal, then lord of Nithsdale, was Randolph, who in his time added greatly to the possessions of his branch of the house. Surnames were only coming into use among our countrymen then, and the children of Randolph took his name as their surname. More than a hundred and fifty years later, a Thomas Randolph still further enlarged his inheritance and good fortune, by marriage with Isabel Bruce, sister of him who was afterwards King. Their son was the brave and trusty Sir Thomas Randolph, after the Douglas, the most esteemed friend of King Robert, who rewarded him with the Earldom of Murray, and extensive estates in Annandale. Here also were the estates of Cumyn, the rival of Bruce, and who fell by his hands at Dumfries.

In passing through these dales, I have found myself among some of the most important family antiquities in Scotland, those of the Bruce, Douglas and Randolph, the principal heroes in the noble old heroic poem of John Barbour. These great names have no longer their ancient importance, except for history or romance, although Bruce

and Douglas have still places in the Scottish peerage. Others have come into possession of what was one time theirs. Especially has that most fortunate family, the Scotts of Buccleuch, acquired a large part of what once belonged to all three, besides more than enough to support their ducal rank elsewhere.

I have crossed the Nith to the west, and left behind the beautiful dales of Dumfriesshire, and am now in the country of those called in olden time the "Wild Scots of Galloway." With its bleak mountains, laying out to the north and west, it looks, for its own part, wild enough still; and from appearances, the further west the wilder it becomes. Not a promising country, in the distance, is this Galloway. By our modern method of locomotion we get over the ground rapidly, and one has hardly time to look at a place and recall an outline of its history ere it is passed. Already we have swept along or across several lovely little vales, and I can see away down to the south how beautifully they open out in that direction.

I cannot see where these little rivers reach the Solway, but the meadows broaden in the direction of their current, and I know the Solway is there,

to the left, not far off. Scenes of adventure are to be found there also, adventures that have their place in literature. It was down there that John Paul Jones was born and spent his boyhood ; and there also, when naval commander in the American Revolutionary war, he returned to plunder and destroy. In one of those estuaries King William III. found refuge from the storm which encountered him on his way to Ireland. Among those hills on the coast, a little way behind us now, are the ruins of New Abbey, better known abroad by the name of Sweetheart Abbey. There Devorgoil of Gallogway, widow of John Baliol of Barnard Castle, and mother of King John Baliol, laid the body of her husband, and over or near it built the Abbey. His heart, embalmed and enclosed in an ivory box bound with silver and enamelled, she kept near her all the rest of her days. By her order, it was laid with her in the grave, near the high altar. That enduring affection, which the snows of eighty winters failed to chill, gave its best known name to the religious foundation of Devorgoil.

A few miles further west is Port Mary, where the unfortunate Queen, whose indubitable crimes have not succeeded in alienating from her the affec-

tions of the people whom she governed so ill, took her final departure from Scotland. And not far off are the ruins of Dundrennan Abbey, where she spent her last night as Scotland's Queen. Next day saw her in England, the prisoner of her cousin, the last remnant of her royalty gone. It was down this romantic Glenkens that, after the battle of Langside, Mary directed her hasty flight towards the coast. Every spot where she stopped for an hour, and every place where people believe that her foot rested, are still pointed out with a degree of tenderness. This fact respecting the memory of one whom few Scotsmen now pretend to think guiltless, is a very touching feature of the national character. It arises from no lack of acumen, nor of moral sense, nor of general disposition to speak out, all which qualities a traveller among Scotch people will soon detect. They admit that Mary Stewart was guilty—deeply guilty—that her policy, if successful, would have been utterly subversive of the best interests of her kingdom; but they also think of her delicate sex, of her youth, and of the family influences under which she was brought up. They know that her very beauty and courtly accomplishments brought

about her men whose advice was her ruin. Scotsmen of the present day think of their unfortunate young Queen as the delicate and suffering woman, and in the tenderness of commiseration cover her errors with a silent admission.

And yonder is Loch Ken, with its picturesque residence of the Gordons of Kenmure, who were also lords of Lochinvar. And from here it was that

“The young Lochinvar came out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,”

and so on, according to the spirited ballad of the “wily lady” Heron. The young hero may, it is true, have gone out from his castle in Lochinvar, further up the river; but I have not time to adjust that in my mind, for here is the Dee with another set of associations, the first of which occurring to me is a song composed by a Scottish emigrant to America, of the name of Lowe :

“The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o’er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.”

It was on an island in the Dee that Sir Archibald Douglas the Grim, planted his stronghold for the subjugation of Galloway. Acts of oppression and of lawless cruelty were perpetrated there, which have left more than one stain upon the escutcheon of that illustrious family.

It was in Galloway where the Celtic race retained its integrity longest. Cimbric Celts, I believe they were. Gaels from the North of Ireland and the Western Isles were the first to invade them. In the rude Latin of the middle ages they were called *Galli*, and the district Gallowagia, Gallowalia, or Gallovidia, out of which has proceeded the modern name of Galloway. Saxons came at last, and from the seventh to the tenth century added no insignificant element to the population, which, however, was smaller than upon the eastern coast.

Galloway was late in acknowledging the sovereignty of any prince beyond its own bounds. In the eleventh century Fergus, lord of Galloway, was a feudatory of King David I., but in the succeeding reign of Malcolm IV., set up once more for himself. Malcolm made him feel the weight of the royal hand. Fergus died of humiliation,

and left his estates and family subject to the monarch. But his sons in the next reign recovered their independence. From one of them was descended Marjory, Countess of Carrick, and mother of King Robert Bruce. And yet, in the war of the royal succession, the chiefs of Galloway took part with Baliol against Bruce. Galloway was the principal reliance of Edward Baliol, and was never brought fully into subjection to the Scottish crown until Sir Willliam Douglas overran it as the territory of Edward Baliol, and compelled McDowal, the hereditary enemy of the Bruces, to change his politics. From the expulsion of Baliol in 1369, the greater part of the district came under dominion of the Douglasses, who from their castle of Thrieve, on the Dee, exerted a power which ground into dust the resistance of the native chiefs. With the fall of the first Douglas line, in 1453, Galloway enjoyed relief, and gladly welcomed the immediate rule of King James II., and although often distracted by feuds of her chiefs, with one another, never again pretended to a separate government.

The principal opponents of the Douglasses in their days of power, in this quarter, were the

McClellans of Bombie, in the parish of Kirkcudbright, a few miles to the south. On one occasion, in consequence of marauding depredations upon the Douglas estates, Sir Patrick, the chief of the McClellans, was beseiged in his castle by Douglas, seized, carried off a prisoner to the castle of Thrieve, and hanged like a common felon—an act of violence which elicited the sympathies of popular song on behalf of its victim, and greatly damaged the cause of the perpetrator. And yet the difference between them was but a difference of strength. The King soon afterwards punished the heir of McClellan for plundering his neighbors, by the confiscation of all his lands. But large bands of gipsies were then carrying their depredations over the country. The King offered the forfeited inheritance of McClellan to any one who should disperse them, and bring their leader alive or dead to him. The young chief mustered his men, and valorously won the prize for himself, by carrying the head of the gipsy leader to the King on the point of his sword. His successor in the reign of Charles I. was elevated to the peerage as Lord Kirkcudbright—a barony which, after great power, deep depression, and restoration, dis-

appeared from the list of the peerage about forty years ago.*

The forfeited estates of Douglas, in Galloway, were never restored. Those of Kenmure and Lochinvar came, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, into the possession of the Gordons, a family of Norman descent, who held them long. Great as is the power of popular song, it has often very little relation to principle, prudence, or good sense. The only real political blunder which the Gordons of Kenmure have ever been guilty of, was that of joining the rebellion under the old Pretender ; and yet for that their name has been sung in applause by a public which did not agree with them at the time. The ballad referred to is well known in the south of Scotland, and begins :

“Kenmure’s on and awa’, Willie,
Kenmure’s on and awa’,
And Kenmure’s lord’s the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw, Willie.”

By the Willie apostrophized here, I suppose we are to understand the ghost of King William III. It was an act which cost the Viscount his life ;

* The baronial title of Kirkcudbright has been represented as extinct. A note from Dr. McClellan, of Boston, leading to some little controversy between him and two or three other persons, convinces me that there is still a claimant for the title.

and entailed upon his family forfeiture of rank. Not until after more than a hundred years was that rank restored. Then another outburst of poetry, equally enthusiastic, greeted the fortunate heir :

“We hail him Viscount Kenmure,
And Lord Lochinvar.”

But whatever may be said of the songs about them, that family have been, upon the whole, of a benign influence in Galloway, and have had among them some of the best men and women in Scotland. It were enough to mention the friend and protector of the pious Welch and Rutherford, a nobleman of whom it has been said that he “singularly combined attachment to the house of Stewart with unflinching fidelity in the profession of religion.” His lady was the correspondent whose name is familiar to the readers of Rutherford’s letters.

And that reminds me that we are now in the neighborhood of Anwoth, good old Samuel Rutherford’s parish. Who can think of those letters of his, the outpourings of a heart full of Christian experience—of a tender, sanctified imagination—but as pious monologues in a sort of mystic

poetry, without poetic form? The people here have not forgotten him, and have recently, I am told, erected a tasteful monument to his memory, although he was not buried here, but at St. Andrews, where in his later years he was Professor of Divinity.

Next to Anwoth, we enter the parish of Kirkmabreck, the birth-place and burial-place of the more widely celebrated Dr. Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Brown's reputation was made in the field of philosophy, and rests upon his achievements there, but the most of his literary labor was expended in poetry—not the first example of a great mind failing in the favorite object of its ambition, and succeeding in a pursuit where it had little or none. Petrarch sought fame by his Latin Epic, and amused himself with Italian sonnets. The latter alone have preserved his name. The consecration of Milton's life was to his country's common-wealth, in his patriotic papers and controversies; the by-play of his youth, and the kill-time of his old age alone have placed the laurel upon his brow. Dr. Brown's ambition was for poetry, and faithfully he labored in it; while philosophy was the bread-study by which he lived.

But his poems are forgotten ; and his lectures, written in haste to meet the daily duty, have carried his name wherever Scottish philosophy is known.

But we have rounded the hills of Kircudbrightshire ; and a new and extensive prospect opens full before us. On the north the mountains, black and lofty, fill the horizon. From the south the sea comes up into the land ; and its level almost is continued by a plain, for many miles more along the western foot of the mountains. Beyond that, far towards the now setting sun, extends the low, but hilly expanse of Wigtonshire. Through the midst of the plain, into which we are about to descend, the hitherto rapid Cree languishes out its last weary miles, before losing itself in the Bay of Wigton. On the further side of the bay spread the rich plains called the Mahars ; and near us on this side are the estate, with its long ago ruinous castle, said to be the Ellangowan of Guy Mannerling, and a rugged coast southward to the Solway, connected in popular belief with the adventures of Dirk Hatteraick and Meg Merrilees—associations which may be regarded with the more interest that the author of *Waverley* himself good-naturedly connived at them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTHERN EXTREMITY OF SCOTLAND—THE
PACKMAN POET—CASTLE-KENNEDY—VISCOUNT
STAIR—THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR—LOCH-
RYAN—CAPTAIN ROSS—THE ROVER OF LOCH-
RYAN—FIRST CHURCH IN GALLOWAY—NINIAN
—MISSION TO IRELAND—PORT-PATRICK.



WIGTONSHIRE, that part of Galloway west of the Cree, is in the main a hilly country, without being mountainous. Its surface presents a tumult of little summits, few of them more than five hundred feet high, except on its northern boundary, where it touches upon the highlands of the south. Towards the sea, it spreads into rich alluvial plains, but in that is far from regular. Much of its extensive sea-coast is rock-bound and dangerous. Upon the whole, the elevation of Wigtonshire above sea-level is less than that of

any other district of equal size in Scotland. Much of it is under high culture, and beautiful, and with little exception, it might all be cultivated ; but the greater part is still unwounded by the plow.

In popular language, the county is divided into three portions—the Moors, the Mahars and the Rhins. The Rhins, or promontories, constitute that peninsular part lying west of Lochryan and the bay of Luce, together with the isthmus between them. The Mahars, or flat country, embrace most of the south and all the eastern side of the cape between the bays of Luce and of Wigton. These two portions are rich and well cultivated. All the rest of the county—much the larger part—belongs to the Moors, here and there fair and productive, but, upon the whole, given up to pasturage—a bleak, dismal heathery moorland, without the compensating picturesque wildness of the sister county of Kirkcudbright. The road from Newton-Stewart to Glenluce passes over it where its only recommendation to the traveller, who has no associations of home or kindred there, is that it is elevated, commanding a view unobstructed on every side, and in the distance to the east, rests on the mountains of Minnigaff, of whose majestic

and varied outlines the eye does not soon tire. By rail, the distance is but brief from sea to sea, from the last glance at the estuary of the Cree, until you again look down upon the toiling waters in the bay of Luce.

It was over this county, in its length and breadth, but especially its moorland, that William Nicholson, the packman poet, some sixty years ago, pursued his peregrinations, selling his wares, and entertaining the country people with his songs. Among the earliest of my reading was a copy of his poems—a copy well, but carefully, worn before it came into my hands—a volume written out of doors, and best enjoyed on a sunny day, on the hillside; of no contemptible literary merit, but smelling more of the pastures than of the lamp. The country people used to tell of its author having been seen seated in some cosy nook, with his pack before him as a table, pursuing his solitary work of composition, in the midst of those pastoral scenes which he described. I have not seen the book for—I would not like to say how many years—and my judgment of it might be less favorable now; but the impressions it has left are blended with remembrances of happy days of early boy-

hood, with out-door life, with summer sunshine, the hills, the heathery bank and the hum of the wild bee. I had not then read any of our great poets. Nicholson's was the first volume of poetry, except the Psalms, that came into my hands. To my thoughts, in those days, its author was not of the category of mortal beings. In his mysterious power of fascinating the imagination and the ear, he was not a man, but an inspired genius of song. The sweetness of his versification so powerfully affected me, that even at this distance of time its fragrance is not entirely evaporated. The following stanzas, for example, chiefly for that reason, assert their place before fancy still.

This little fragment—

“Where winding Tarf, by broomy knowes,
Wi' siller waves, to saut sea rows ;
And mony a greenwood cluster grows,
And harebells blooming bonnie ”—

seemed to me a strain of faultless music. A similarly disconnected member from some other song still recommends itself as singularly melodious, like a broken fragment from a lost Greek lyric :

“The lightsome lammie little kens
What troubles it await—
Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
The fause bird lea'es its mate.

The flowers will fade, the woods decay,
And lose their bonny green ;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet ;
So love is, in its noon :
But cankering time may soil the flower,
And spoil its bonny bloom.
O come then, while the summer shines,
And love is young and gay,
Ere age his withering, wintry blast
Blaws o'er me and my May."

The longest poem in the volume, "The Country Lassie," was a sweet simple tale of life, such as the author knew it among these moors of Galloway. Between Newton-Stewart and Kirkowan, we pass the river Blednoch, from which he took the name of his ablest production, "The Brownie of Blednoch." In that he entered the sphere of the supernatural, and evinced a command of its imagery hardly inferior to that of the Ettrick Shepherd.

Poor Willie Nicholson ! It was inexpressibly painful, at a later time, to learn that he was even then forming those degrading habits which carried him down to a lower level than common men, and finally to a miserable grave. He died in 1849.

From Glenluce, westward to the coast hills of the Rhins, the country is a rich plain, and culti-

vated, even up the sides of the coast hills, to the utmost of its capacity. Well tended farms, heavy crops, green pastures, clean-kept woodland, and comfortable houses pass in review before us, as we sweep along through this beautiful scene of agricultural prosperity. Stranraer, the largest town of the county, and possessed of some historic interest, is near at hand. But I shall not go there to-day. Here is the station for Castle-Kennedy; and although I have no designs upon the hospitality of his lordship of Stair, I shall step out here. It is a neat and cosy station, like the ordinary approaches to a residence of the wealthy. It might be a kind of outer porter's lodge. But no entertainment for travelers here. I should feel desolate to stand thus alone, but that in the grove, two or three hundred yards off, there is an attraction which has brought me many hundred miles. In the manse over there, of which I can only see the roof above the shrubbery, lives the best beloved friend of my boyhood. What an army of days has marched by since we last met! And he? Changed undoubtedly. So am I. Shall we have the delightful accord of feeling, of taste, and of purpose, which we once had? Will

he meet me as we used to meet? In my mind he is a lad still. That image long cherished must soon be given up. When I see him as he is, I shall never again remember him so distinctly as he was. That is much to lose. Will what I gain be ever as dear? And yet all that is nothing to the anticipated joy of meeting. But I must wait until this intoxication of the heart subsides.

CASTLE-KENNEDY.

In the neighborhood of the quiet little manse stands the palatial residence of Lord Stair. That is the way I looked at it. What is nearest to our affections is to each of us the centre of the universe. The palace was an object of admiration; the manse, one of love; and my walks through the extensive and beautiful grounds were due to the privilege accorded to my friend, and derived their greatest charm from his presence.

Lord Stair is the heir of a peerage highly honored for intellectual power and moral principle. His ancestor, the first Viscount Stair, was one of the most eminent jurists Scotland ever produced, and one of her wisest men; the second Viscount, and first Earl, was an elegant parliamentary

orator, a leading statesman and promoter of the Union ; and his successor was the illustrious Marshal Stair, the hero of Dettingen, whose reputation belongs to the European history of his time.

Originally an Ayrshire family, the Dalrymples came into possession of a large part of their estates by connection with the Kennedies in both Ayrshire and Galloway. And hence the name of this elegant residence, which formerly belonged to the Kennedies, Earls of Cassillis.

From the dawn of the Reformation, the Dalrymples of Stair have been conspicuous as friends and promoters of civil and religious liberty. They were among the first to adopt the reformed faith. The first Viscount of the name, President of the College of Justice, and author of the work called "*Institutions of the Law of Scotland*," was, through a long period of royal aggressions upon the Constitution of his country, its sober, prudent, inflexible defender. A man, whose public career extended from the reign of Charles I. to that of William III., must have found it no easy matter to steer clear of offence, on one side or the other. Lord Stair suffered from both. And it must be said for him, that he lost his high office by means

as honorable to his patriotism and Christian character, as his attainment of it had been to his talents and learning. Removed arbitrarily for religious reasons, by Charles II., he retired to his estates in Galloway; but soon had to provide for his personal safety by escaping from the dominions of his King. He found refuge in Holland. His long and illustrious legal career, the value of his opinions, and his religious consistency, procured him the friendship and confidence of the Prince of Orange. Nor was he without an important share in the "representations and negotiations" which resulted in the expedition of that Prince to England. He also accompanied it. When William III. was "seated on the throne, he manifested in every way the utmost respect for his venerable attendant, relied upon him chiefly for advice and direction," restored him to his former "station of Lord President of the Court of Session," and conferred upon him the rank of Viscount Stair.

It was not to be expected that a man so conspicuous, in a time of such violent party passions, should escape defamation. One of the most baseless and cruel things of that kind was the

story upon which Scott founded his "Bride of Lammermoor."

Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Viscount Stair, was married to David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, on the 12th of August, 1669, and died at the end of four weeks and a few days. The death of a young bride, in high place in society, elicited much popular sympathy and remark; and enemies of the family began to hint at guilty causes. The Rev. Andrew Symson, minister of the parish church which Dunbar attended, wrote a prosaic metrical elegy on the death of the young lady, in which he says that two weeks after the marriage she was brought home to Baldoon with much rejoicing. He makes no allusion to anything extraordinary, or mysterious, or tragic about her death, but simply bewails it as untimely. "She waned in her prime." Of her unhappiness in her marriage he has no suspicion. For he speaks of her brief married life as "that little time that she'd enjoy." The tragic story was obviously concocted upon the foundation of ignorant suspicion, to slander the father and mother of the bride. It took various shapes flatly contradictory of each other. According to one set of it, the young lady

was constrained by her mother, represented as a Lady Macbeth in the second degree, and the weakness of her father, who did not dare oppose his wife, to reject a suitor whom she loved, and marry one whom she did not love. On the wedding night she became insane, and attempted to murder her bridegroom. In another set of the story, Lady Stair was in league with the Devil, and through his agency built up the prosperity of her family. But Satan, for some unrecorded reason, was indignant at the alliance with Baldoon, and either himself, or by some of his imps, entered the bridal chamber, dragged the bride out of her bed, and hauled her about the room, for giving her consent to it. By a third version, the young lady herself insisted upon marrying Dunbar, contrary to her mother's wishes, who gave her consent only with a prediction of evil, in the words, "You may marry him ; but soon shall you repent it." And accordingly it was the bridegroom who attempted the murder of his bride. There are still other variations on the theme, equally unworthy of credit, but all slanderous of the family of Stair. Several of them are mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction, with a bias to the

romantic side, easily excused in a poet. The best and most truth-like version of the story is his own. For that is relieved from absurdity, is touching and tender, and makes no pretension to history. But for it, the whole incoherent fabrication had long ago wilted away, and given place to the plain account of a sad, but not very uncommon event in human life. At the same time, while fact vindicates the reputation of the chief personages from unjust aspersions, we may be well pleased if even a malicious falsehood gave occasion and furnished suggestions for a powerful work of literary art, a prose tragedy, whose characters have the reality only of truth-like fiction.

Some of the discrepancies with history which appear in the romances of Scott, are not due to the demands of art, but of haste on the part of the author. A tale took his fancy, and expanded itself before him, and thereupon he wrote. His notes and introductions, prepared after fuller information, give the facts more truly. In some instances those facts would have served the purpose of romance as well, if not better, had the author known them in time, than the turn which his imagination took. Such is not true of the

“Bride of Lammermoor.” All that is of a nature to make it an interesting tale is fictitious ; and better Sir Walter’s fiction than that of prosaic and malignant slanderers.

The grounds and plantations of Castle-Kennedy were laid out by Marshal Stair, in the old French manner of landscape gardening, but with some features peculiar to themselves, and consistent with the military taste of the designer. Upon that original plan, but in a freer style, additions have been made, at different dates, down to the present. They enclose and lie between two lakes, united by a narrow channel ; one being about a mile and the other a mile and a half in length, and each about half a mile wide. Without the grandeur or sublimity, which some in the Highlands command, the extensive gardens of Castle-Kennedy present an uncommon diversity of combinations of land and water, of wood and lawn, of natural and artificial level and elevation ; and few exhibit a greater variety of rare and choice plants, arranged to produce the finest effects in the landscape.

The old castle was burnt by accident in 1715, and was not rebuilt. It remains a large ruinous

mass of walls in the heart of the grounds. The new castle is at a considerable distance further from the public road. It seems to be characteristic of British nobility and gentry to seek, for favorite residence, retired places in the country. Their finest homesteads are to be found standing solitary among woods, mountains, lakes, miles away from the nearest town, and shunning, as far as practicable, the neighborhood of the highway.

To the west of the castle extends Lochryan, an inlet of the Atlantic, running from north to south into the country about twelve miles, with a breadth of from two to six miles. At its southern extremity there is a well protected harbor, and close beside it the town of Stranraer. It appeared to me that the amount of business was much less than the local advantages ought to create. A moderate amount of enterprise and of capital ought to make Stranraer one of the most thriving depots in Scotland. I could see little going on in the harbor except the daily steamboat to and from Ireland. What would the Glasgow men have made out of such a situation by the sea, with a Lochryan at their hand? Stranraer is slow in waking up.

It was at this inland extremity of Lochryan that Captain Ross, the Arctic explorer, finally cast anchor. His house is just outside of the town of Stranraer, on the edge of the sea, where its waters could be admitted to the grounds. He had it built, as near as possible, on the model of a ship. The dining room is without windows on the side, the light being admitted from above, and recesses disposed on the side, like state-rooms. Whether the old captain had his bunk, or hung his hammock there, I do not remember that it was told me. By the present occupant the recess is curtained off to preserve the pictures of Arctic scenes, which cover the walls. On the same plan, more or less closely, are the other apartments ; and on the roof is a quarter deck, from which the retired navigator commanded a view up Lochryan towards the northern sea. This singular and spacious structure he called "Northwest Castle." The present owner, a gentleman who at one time resided in America, fully respects the whims as well as the enterprise of the old Sea Captain, his predecessor, and retains all things just as they came into his possession.

However little the commercial enterprise of

the place, everything here sounds of the sea. Traditions of naval adventure, and the pride and joy of sailor-craft, fill the minds of youth with whom I enter into conversation—pure love of the sea, undebased by ulterior thoughts of gain. Hugh Ainslie's song, "The Rover of Lochryan," has caught the true spirit of these shores :

"The Rover o' Lochryan, he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave ;
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel
Ne'er bowl'd o'er the back o' a wave.
It's no when the loch lies dead in his trough,
When naething disturbs it ava
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw ;
It's no when the yawl and the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
And the rover that's dear to me ;
But when the clud lays its cheek to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shoulder to the shore ;
When the win' sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar ;—
It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide ;
I ken that the wind brings my rover hame,
And the sea that he glories to ride.
O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his e'es upon Galloway's land.

‘Unstent an’ slack each reef an’ tack,
Gae her sail, boys, while it may sit ;
She has roar’d through a heavier sea afore,
And she’ll roar through a heavier yet.
When landsmen sleep, or wake and creep
In the tempest’s angry moan,
We dash through the drift, an’ sing to the lift
O’ the wave that heaves us on.’”

And here it occurs to me also that the older ballads of this coast are true sailor yarns, and thereby as different from the spirit of the Border literature of that kind, as if they did not belong to the same nation. Some of them are rough and grotesque, as that which celebrates the conversion of the Mermaid of Lochryan ; but one, at least, “Fair Annie of Lochryan,” is, both in the weird-like character of its narrative, and the tenderness and delicacy of its sentiment, of more than common merit.

In this out-of-the-way quarter—until after the Reformation, counted the wildest part of the Lowlands—the traveler finds himself at one of the original homesteads of the Scottish Church, and that positively which has the cleanest history. Upon a little island on the coast of Whithorn, in the Mahars of Wigtonshire, did Ninian plant his first preaching station, and theological school. A

native of Whithorn, born in 360, he received his education in France, and accepted his Christian doctrine from Martin of Tours—at least so says his mediæval biographer. His was not, therefore, a gospel entirely free from additions, but pure as compared with what Romanists subsequently imputed to him. Its progress within his own lifetime was rapid ; but after his death in 432, greatly retarded, by the wars in which the people of Galloway were engaged, to defend themselves against aggressions from north and east and west, continued for centuries.

Meanwhile, that gospel message was carried elsewhere. Ninian was not thirty years older than Patrick ; and Patrick's preaching in Ulster had commenced ere that of Ninian in Galloway had closed. Less than seventy years after the death of Patrick, his prosperous church of Ulster furnished missionaries to the heathen Hebrides, and Columba and his companions set up their church and school in Iona. Again, seventy years later, Iona sent her missionaries to the heathen Saxons of Northumbria, and founded the seminary on Lindisfarne. The christianization of Ireland, of the Scottish Highlands, and of the north and east

of England, all proceeded from the missionary enterprise of the southwestern Lowlands.

It would, however, be too much to assert that all proceeded from the work of Ninian alone. For it is beyond doubt that in the west country, on the Clyde, Christianity had been preached at an earlier date, and Patrick may have made his first acquaintance with it there. But the Christianity preached by both was equally primitive as compared with the later ecclesiasticism which canonized them.

There is no certainty that Port-Patrick has anything to do with St. Patrick, but the name is witness to a common belief that it is somehow connected with his history; and that from the rugged little cove of that name, the apostle of Ireland took his departure from Galloway. In company with my friend of Northwest Castle, and his accomplished lady, I spent a happy morning in crossing the Rhins, and following to the sea the footsteps of the saint.

Lying over against the coast of Ireland, at the narrowest part of the channel, Port-Patrick was at one time assumed by the national government as the principal port of communication with

the sister island. A large amount of money was laid out to make it safe and commodious. But, after all, the weight of the sea rolling in upon an area so small, as naturally protected, proved too strong for artificial barriers. The expense of keeping the works in repair turned out to be more than the value of the port would justify. They are accordingly suffering from neglect. Massive piers, constructed of enormous rocks solidly built together, and bound to their places with bands of iron, are already undermined, loosened, torn asunder, and removed by the force of wind and wave. It is to be feared that, in a few years hence, these great works of recent utilitarian enterprise will be exhibited, like the old castle of Dunskey, in the neighborhood, as merely interesting ruins.

Business has betaken itself partly to the safer harbor of Stranraer, and to others further north and south, especially to Liverpool and Glasgow. And Port-Patrick, though not entirely given up, has to be content with a business which is abundantly served by one or two trains a day.

CHAPTER IX.

NEWTON-STEWART—GLEN CREE—A PICTURESQUE
COUNTRY—ALEXANDER MURRAY—THE COV-
ENANTERS IN GALLOWAY—OLD MORTALITY—
SIR WALTER SCOTT—JOSEPH TRAIN.



T was on a bright sunny morning in August that I climbed to the summit of a mountain on the west of Newton-Stewart, in Galloway. A panorama spread around me of almost unparalleled variety. I had looked on much higher mountains and wilder glens, and with some of the details before me I was already acquainted; but the whole, as seen from that point, presented such a combination of elements serving to make up the picturesque as is rarely to be found. On the west, a rolling, well-cultivated land, for the breadth of about two miles; and

beyond that, heathery hills and dark brown moorland, spread out in a low range far to the north, to the distance of some twenty miles, terminating in a barricade of similarly dark, heathery mountains, lying across the horizon from east to west, and cutting off the view in that direction. The eastern side was entirely occupied with a range of lofty mountains. In the middle, extending directly north and south for fifteen or sixteen miles, lies an irregularly shaped valley, through the length of which flows the rapid water of Cree. On its extreme south, the valley becomes a broad alluvial plain, richly productive, and now yellow with the ripening harvest. And there the sea, like a great wedge of polished silver, comes up into the land as part of a shining sheet away in the distance, as far as the eye can reach. Dark mountains on the east, green hills on the west, bound sea and plain on either side. In that quarter the cultivated land stretches furthest to the west. Elements of great diversity belong to the valley, and to its eastern boundary of mountains. Where the plain, coming up from the sea, terminates in a point, and the valley, for some distance, narrows to a glen, the town of Newton-Stewart shelters itself on both banks of

the river, and close at the foot of the hills on either side. Not much room is left between the hills and the river; and so the town climbs up the western side, laying hands upon the most charming sites for residences and gardens. About a mile further up, the glen widens towards the east, forming a narrow plain, upon which stand the remains of the now almost deserted village of Minnigaff. At this point the glen is joined by the side glen of Penkill. And at the meeting of the waters, and between them, on high ground, beside an ancient moat, and surrounded by ancient trees, is the old churchyard of Minnigaff, the most romantic spot of the kind in all the south of Scotland.

At its junction with Penkill, the Cree issues from a dark, rocky gorge, through which it has hewn itself a channel for nearly a mile, and in which it is altogether invisible from the level of the country. Above that vanquished barrier it reappears, winding freely in the midst of a well cultivated open valley, limited on the north by the spacious grounds of Penninghame House, and the thick forest which there begins to cloth the mountain side. At that point a low bank of rocks restrains the rapidity of the stream, and the whole

character of the scenery northward is changed. I rode through it not long ago, and reviewed impressions which memory had long retained. A deep glen opens widely to the north, with rich green meadow, and the river lying asleep in its bosom ; the pastures sloping up the hills to the west, interspersed with groups of trees ; the abrupt ascent of the mountain's base, on the eastern side, covered with forest, through which, here and there, gleams the foam of cataracts ; the various curves of ascent, far above the region of trees, above that of the heather and above that of grey pasture, to the rocky summits which faintly draw their outlines on the sky. From Penninghame House, northward, the length is only three or four miles to where the river divides into its constituent streams, and the belt of level country scatters away into moorland.

It is not a scene of desolation. For the glen is fertile and well cultivated ; and up the mountains, above the region of forest, there are farms, extending as far as culture can go ; but the boundaries on all sides, save the pass by Penninghame House, are wilderness, and the whole is perfectly secluded from all the rest of the world. Nothing but solitary farm-houses are to be seen within the glen or from it.

Viewed as a whole, it is singularly complete, a scene in which repose of tranquil beauty and the most majestic grandeur are harmoniously combined.

And this is the place where Margaret Wilson, the virgin martyr of Wigton, spent her life. Her father's farm, Glenvernoch, is one of those which slope from the meadows up to the heather, on the western side.

The mountain range which bounds on the east the whole diversified valley of the Cree, is itself exceedingly diversified. Rising abruptly from the sea, on the south, in those headlands which divide the Solway from the Irish Sea, they soon attain an elevation of 2,000 feet. Cairnsmuir, which lies over against Newton-Stewart, rises to that height immediately from the plain. Then next to the northward comes the deep glen of Palnure, cleaving the ridge to its base, and making the northern side of the black heathery Cairnsmuir almost a precipice. The ridge gradually recovers its elevation by a succession of summits rising towards the north, but not before it has again been cleft more than half through by the glen of Penkill. Embowered in woods on the northern slope of that charming little vale are the ruins of Garlies Castle,

an ancient baronial residence, which still gives the title of Lord Garlies to the oldest son of the Earl of Galloway; and amid its woods, and lawns, and gardens in the bottom of the glen, and by the burnside, is to be seen Comlodan Cottage, where General Stewart, one of Wellington's heroes of the Peninsula, spent the last years of his life. And down at the foot of the glen, where the Penkill pours its waters into the Cree, at the little village school of Minnigaff, did Alexander Murray begin his brief, extraordinary career of philological attainments—one of the great precursors of recent philological science. His birthplace was the cot of a shepherd on the bleakest side of Cairnsmuir.

North of Penkill, the light gray colored mountains rise successively, in the most graceful and majestic of outlines, to the height of 3,000 feet. About fourteen miles from Newton-Stewart, the ridge near its highest elevation is cut through abruptly by the deep winding Glentrool—too far away to be distinctly seen from the point of view which I have chosen, but the deep notch in the mountains is a very conspicuous feature.

Only because this part of Scotland is out of the common route of travel, can it be accounted for

that scenery of such variety of picturesque beauty has escaped the attention of tourists, and has been barely touched with a ray of that poetic light which robes all the rest of the country. There is, however, a real poetry about it, which its people cherish fondly. These mountains, in days when Scotland's best and noblest were persecuted for their faith, furnished refuge, in their dells and caverns, for many who would otherwise have perished by the hand of violence. The romance of this region—its heroic traditon, is that of Covenanter suffering. Down there, near the head of the bay, about seven miles from where I stand, were Margaret McLauchlin and Margaret Wilson, for their religion's sake, put to death by drowning. Four men, for the same cause, shot without sentence of law, lie buried in that neighborhood. And at different places among the hills are the graves and tombstones of others, whose bodies were laid in the earth where they fell.

When quite a little boy, spending a holiday at a friend's house among yon mountains far to the north, I one day rambled out alone, and tempted by the indescribable attraction of the scenery, went several miles away through a country where cattle and sheep of the wild mountain breed were the

only creatures to be seen. In crossing a dreary uninhabited valley, among trees not far from the banks of a stream, I found a little green lawn with cattle grazing, and in the midst of it, a headstone, a coarse brown sandstone slab. I went up to it, and read on one side the names of six men who had been shot down near that spot for having been found in an adjoining cottage at a prayer meeting. On the other side were faithfully inscribed the names of the officers in a troop of dragoons who slew them. I looked around for the cottage. It was gone. No habitation of man was near. That little monument stood there alone, holding up its record in the wilderness.

Upon returning to the house of my friend, a plain sheep farmer, I recounted my discovery, and expressed my surprise that, old as the monument was, the lettering was so clean. "Ah," said he, "there is an auld man that gangs aboot, and keeps a' thae kin' o' stanes clean." "Who is he?" I inquired. He shook his head with an air of mystery. "I dinna ken. Naebody kens wha he is, or whaur he comes frae; but they ca' him Auld Mortality." After I had read Sir Walter Scott's book of that name, I regretted, as I still regret,

that he had not made his acquaintance with Old Mortality in the same place. Sir Walter has entirely failed to apprehend the true style of romance pertaining to that character and its conditions. He never was in this part of the country, and learned the facts only at second-hand through an antiquarian collector, and after their native aroma had evaporated. The romance in which he clothed the character is comparatively commonplace, utterly unlike the individualizing tinge which rests on his delineations of what he had seen. Romance of Covenanter suffering was of a very different kindred from that of Border or Highland freebooters, and needed to be learned at its own sources.

A man's weakness and his strength generally lie in close neighborhood. One great charm of Sir Walter Scott's poems and romances is their chivalric character. His own weakness was admiration for the high in rank, and the chivalry conceived of as belonging to them. But the Covenanters were not chivalrous. They were merely earnest men, who faithfully endeavored to practice what they believed, and would not be compelled to practice something else. There was no glamour about

them. In short, they were just the patriots who, in the time of Charles II. and James II., stood firmly by the Constitution, civil and ecclesiastical, of their country, when "a ribald king and court," to use Sir Walter's own words, attempted to extinguish both. A healthy openness to the admission of all realities was one of the noblest features of Scott's mind ; but in this direction his predilections more than once misled him. Opponents of the Covenanters had claimed the sole honors of chivalry, and called themselves Cavaliers. Many of the nobility, and men ambitious to be among the nobility, who had once signed the Covenant, deserted it at the Restoration, and passed over to the side of the "ribald king and court," and served their purpose towards breaking down the freedom of their native land. Covenanters were not all poor men, nor were they without nobility among them, as witness the houses of Argyll and of Kenmure ; but the greatest number, for theirs was a national cause, were of the common people—a class of persons whom that "ribald king and court" had resolved should have no rights. The faithful perseverance in testimony for the rights of Christian men—testi-

mony without rebellion, in the midst of incredible suffering for twenty-seven years—is one of the sublimest spectacles in the history of human freedom. Nor did they relax in that testimony until they saw the persecuting dynasty swept from the throne, and the freedom of their Church and nation established. Yet, in that heroic and successful struggle, which secured to Scotland the rights she now enjoys, Scott could see nothing but a ridiculous plebeian fanaticism. The king and the aristocracy, in the main, were on the other side, and he chose his heroes from them, chose some of his heroes from the basest traitors to his country's cause. It is painful to an admirer of Scott to think of that morning in his library, when, before a portrait of Claverhouse, he and Joseph Train deliberately planned the attempt to erect that infamous personage into a hero, and to turn the pious people, whom he had harassed and murdered, into ridicule, in order to effect that end, and thereby make a startling romance. It was in the region of Galloway that Train, then an exciseman in Newton-Stewart, collected most of the traditional material for that work.

Many stories and incidents, which Scott has

woven into some of his other novels, were also gathered for him here by the same diligent hand. The schoolmaster of a village among those green hills to the south sent to Mr. Train some amusing traditions, and signed his communication Cleishbotham. "This facetious gentleman was the prototype of the celebrated Jedediah Cleishbotham of Gandercleuch, and, like him, drank 'the mountain dew' with the exciseman and the landlord, not at the Wallace Inn at Gandercleugh, but at the sign of the Shoulder of Mutton in Newton-Stewart." The whole of the story of "Wandering Willie" was gathered by Mr. Train on the public road towards Creetown at the head of yonder bay. Mr. Train had a congenial fellow-collector of traditions, at Creetown, in Captain James Dennistoun, author of the "Legends of Galloway," a book which had quite an extensive popularity in those days.

It ought to be said for Sir Walter Scott that it seems likely that when he wrote "Old Mortality," he was not so well acquainted with the history of Covenanter times, as he as always had credit for being. Later in life, he recorded in his "Tales of a Grandfather," some of the sufferings of the persecuted people with a touch of real feeling. The

brutal murder of John Brown of Priesthill, he recounts in the way that might be expected of a man of his humane affections. But the perpetrator of that crime, and of others such, he had a few years before set up as his model cavalier.

Many people have the idea, perhaps he had, that the Covenanters were a small dissenting body, like that to which their name is applied improperly in our days. They were the body of the nation, the same people who, at the Revolution, constituted the kingdom and Established Church of Scotland—that Established Church as it now stands, with all its dissenting branches. The hills and valleys of Galloway and adjoining districts abound in memorials and traditions of these suffering people. Occasionally the patriotic and religious sympathy breaks forth in song, as in Hislop's well known poem—

“In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorlands of mist, where the martyrs lay,
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.”

Mr. Train, though of shallow historical knowledge, was no mere dry-as-dust antiquarian. He was a man of taste, and of some poetical ability.

Already he had published two successive volumes of poetry before his acquaintance with Scott began. His second volume met with a very favorable reception. But no sooner did he discover how he could be useful to the greater poet, than he abandoned all ambitious aims for himself, and turned his efforts to promote the literary projects of his friend, and that without pay, and apparently without expectation that his name would ever be heard in connection with the work he did. I doubt whether history can adduce another such instance of a literary man so consecrating himself to be absorbed into the splendor of another.

CHAPTER X.

HILLS OF CARRICK—THE LAND OF BURNS—THE
DOON—AYR—HENRY THE MINSTREL—HIGH-
LAND MARY—BURNS—PAISLEY—TANNAHILL—
ROBERT ALLAN—GLASGOW—KELVIN GROVE.



Y carriage road from Newton-Stewart to Ayr, the traveller follows the course of the Cree until he reaches the moorlands. His road then leaves the river bank, and winds up through the dusky purple heather over the mountain barrier, which he crosses by the "Nick of the Balloch." Then opens upon him the view to the north, over the irregular, tumultuous hills of Carrick, into the land of Burns. But the most extensive view is not obtained until he reaches "Brown Carrick Hill," on the sea coast, about three miles south of the town of Ayr. When I first looked down from

that summit, it was a ruddy afternoon about the beginning of September. Behind me lay those same Carrick hills, which I had crossed, not lofty, but tumbled together like the waves of the ocean just after a storm has ceased to rage; before me, the long plain of Kyle with its curving shore extended far to the hills beyond Irvine, and over the ridges of those hills, blue in the distance, soared up the pyramidal summit of Ben Lomond. On the left, the magnificent Frith of Clyde, coming in from the Atlantic, spread, between the coast of Ayrshire and the sharply serrated fells of Arran, away northward, until it disappeared among the mountains of Bute and Argyll; and in the midst of it, over against Arran, stood the precipitous "Ailsa Craig," to the height of eleven hundred feet, like a stupendous tower erected in the sea. To the east of the fertile plain of Kyle, covered with towns and villages, country houses and cultivated farms, where the land rises in elevation, my eye followed its "green acclivities" successively, until the horizon was bounded by "the distant Cumnock hills." Near at hand, on the plain, by the sea, lay the compact town of Ayr, with its outlying villas and gardens; and close to the foot of the hill, on

which I stood, the "Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon." The woods which clothe the valley of that now classic stream were heavy with foliage ; the shadow of the hill was partly spread over them. All the rest of the scene was bathed in the warm light of the September afternoon. Among the trees, just within the shadow, stood the roofless walls of Alloway Kirk. And up from its clustering shrubbery, and out of the shadows, which lay around its base, into the full blaze of the sun, with the buoyant expression of perfect symmetry, rose the beautiful white choragic monument of Burns ; and at a little distance, free of the woods and beyond the shadow, I could recognize, from having seen its picture, "The Auld Clay Biggin" where he was born.

In this neighborhood, the memorials of the poet are clustered together, to the exclusion of almost everything else, although not far off is Turnberry Castle, birthplace of the Bruce, and scene of his first successful effort towards the liberation of his country. But even above that of the heroic king is held the memory of the inspired ploughman.

At Ayr, the interest is divided with Wallace.

But that is poetry also. For Wallace is popularly known, directly or indirectly, through the heroic poem of "Henry the Minstrel," commonly known as "Blind Harry." Recently there were country people who had the whole of it by memory. When a little boy, I used to follow upon the hills a shepherd of our neighborhood, one Sandy Kirk, day after day, to hear him recite from that old Scottish epic.

Up the river Ayr, we pass the scenes celebrated in the series of songs written by Burns on his Highland Mary, crowned by that noblest of all love songs, "To Mary in Heaven." Highland Mary, to what a tender and exalted renown is her name assigned!—a synonym almost for that feminine loveliness which inspires the warmest and purest of youthful affection, as ennobled by sorrow, and the transfer of its object to the immortal life. How wonderful the power of genius! It glorifies whatever it touches. In comparison, the distinctions of rank are as nothing. By its gift, a splendor, denied to peeresses, before which their coronets are toys, has descended on the poor Ayrshire dairymaid. He who sang of her love and early death was no common songster, no mere prodigy

to be wondered at because only a ploughman, but a man of intrinsic greatness, whose brief but powerful utterances created an epoch in poetry.

In the eighteenth century a philosophical system prevailed, which was narrow, cold, and earthy. But being level to the humblest understanding, it became the popular style of thinking, to a degree of universality, perhaps never attained by any other. All ranks of the educated used its terms. Its narrow experience, its sensuous ideas, its monarchy of the understanding, its ignoring of mental resources beyond the range of the bodily senses, were all accepted alike by Christian and un-Christian. Anything beyond its limits was not to be thought of. Christians took it to be identical with Scripture; they explained Scripture by it, and unbelievers used it with the greater effect that it had nothing Christian in it. Bald and hard, without recognition of original affections or imagination, it had no place for poetry or spiritual religion. The one was set down as a dream, and the other a delusion. Poetry was almost extinguished. Poets, objects of pity, if not of contempt, dragged out their lives in garrets, and died in debt or starvation, or had to write prose for a living, and court

the muse by stealth. So toiled Goldsmith, and fell in the middle of his days; Gray lived by his place in the university; and Cowper, secluded from the world, as if he had not belonged to it, wrote without much regard to its approbation.

Into the midst of that world, so cold, so shallow, so formal and so exceedingly self satisfied, two men, in two different countries, were plunged simultaneously,—men destined to open richer springs of poetry than the world had known since the days of Milton. One was born in wealth, the other in poverty; one was educated in art, and with all the appliances of science, the other was left to the spontaneous development of nature. The poor self-educated man died young; the rich and well-educated lived to a mature old age. The works of the latter were very numerous, those of the former not few, but of brief extent. And yet those two men, so different in their circumstances, produced similar changes upon the poetry of their respective countries. The poetry of Germany before Goethe, was, with the exception of some hymns, slow, heavy, and cumbersome. The genius of Goethe filled it with sparkling life, and enriched it with new sources of

interest. Burns, conscious of power, but unaware of the way in which his power stood related to the world, came forward, not timidly—he never did anything timidly—but with modesty, as one whom the public might not recognize. His poems, although of no great length, covered a breadth of territory which poetry had not latterly dared, and presented some features entirely their own. The sensation they created was not a passing admiration; it was a revolution—a revolution in poetic expression. The old formal, frigid poetic diction was abandoned for the more earnest one of common life and real people. It was a revolution in respect to directness and animated energy of expression, and bold imagery direct from Nature—the outspoken language of every passion in its place. It was a revolution in poetic thought; topics and imagery unemployed before, were presented in a manifestation of affections quite out of the old routine.

Poetry, it is true, is an art; and yet, like every other art, has more than art in it; and that in it which is not art is the best part of it. And Burns, in his early productions, was impelled to culture of the art, not as such, but as the expression of that

within him which was more than art. Accordingly, his poetic diction was his own. It was used not because appropriated of old, but because it embodied the force of the conception or passion within him. And he held back nothing from either timidity or caution. He had no fear of personal publicity; no anxieties about appearing in his productions with a faultless propriety; he spoke himself without reserve, and in his own way.

In his rhythm there was a new mode of music. It was not an old lilt which had become wearisome by endless repetitions. It was a fresh creation, the measured movement of a new mind; and varied as the activities of that mind itself, from the most concentrated utterance of passion through many changes of grave and gay, the playful and satiric, to the tenderest and gentlest of the affections. Good sense and brilliant imagery are indispensable to good poetry, but without a living rhythm they are not poetry. So intangible is that matter of rhythm, and yet so powerful with the human spirit, that it will determine, and actually does determine as poetry what is neither brilliant nor very important sense. In Burns the most stirring rhythm is ever the native movement of either brilliant or otherwise striking thought.

There is in the poetic temperament, and essential to it, an intensified sensibility, whereby one suffers in pain, and enjoys in pleasure more keenly than other men. Even the comparatively sober Cowper said that he never knew a *little* pleasure. It is not merely that such a man is strongly affected by ideas formed in the mind, or by external things; but, far more, the susceptibility to that strange magnetic glow, which diffuses itself through the whole being, as the prevenient dawn of a beautiful thought yet unrisen, constrains a man, by disabling him for every-thing else, to yield and wait. A gift of that kind, by which not only beautiful thoughts are announced, but insidious temptation is robed as an angel of light, is no less dangerous than it is fascinating. A real poet who resists temptation is victor over a stronger and more artful foe than common men have to encounter, and if he fall he suffers a more extreme agony. To Burns's lot fell both. Not many of us are competent to judge him fairly. To the Master who gave the talents and knew the trials they imposed, let us leave the judgment and award.

That his poems were in the Scottish dialect was little impediment to their popularity. It was

felt that to learn the meaning of ten or a dozen words was a small price for the enjoyment obtained. His place was soon recognized as that of an English poet. And what neither he nor the men of his time anticipated, it proved the starting point of a new style of English poetry—Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, and their followers, the only other school which now is held in any esteem, in all their characteristic poems are painters of external nature, calm, meditative, mystic. The theme of Burns is man, nature is but the scenery in which he moves; but man as seen through the sensibilities of the poetic temperament.

About Mauchline and Kilmarnock we are in the land of his early manhood, and of his best and most characteristic productions. I was told by persons acquainted with traditions of the poet, on the spot, that he had an extensive local reputation several years before any of his productions appeared in print. A number of persons in, or near his own rank in life, farmers, lawyers, and others in Kilmarnock, Mauchline, Ayr' and Tarbolton, his intimate friends, used to read his separate poems in manuscript, estimated his talents highly, and were not at all surprised at the popularity which he subse-

quently obtained. To their society he owed more than to anything called education. Their meetings, debatings, and conversations were his encouragement and training, his culture, in weighing himself over against men, and drawing out and exercising his wonderful powers of conversation. He is said to have remarked upon his return from Edinburgh, where he had been admitted to the society of the most gifted, that he never heard any conversation superior to what he had often enjoyed among his companions at Tarbolton.

Upon leaving Ayrshire, and arriving in Paisley, it seems as if we must have left the realms of poetry. In that smoky, noisy, busy metropolis of shawl, carpet, and cotton weaving, there cannot be many attractions for the muses, one would think. And yet, even there, at one of the cotton hand-looms of Paisley, labored and sang one of the sweetest singers of Scotland. Robert Tannahill had a rude desk affixed to his loom. He composed while at work, and when he had completed a stanza in his mind, would turn round and write it, and so go on with another. Thus were composed those songs, many of which still retain their place as favorites in his native land, and some of

which have enjoyed a popularity where his own name has never been uttered.

After further acquaintance with Paisley, we discover that among its noisy workshops Tannahill was far from being alone in his devotion to the muse of the lyre. His friends, William McLaren and Robert Allan, were both more productive than he, as both enjoyed a longer life, and both were, like himself, hand-loom weavers. Of the two, Allan was most successful. His song, "Queen Mary's Escape from Loch Leven Castle," is well known in the United States. But few have so effectively as Tannahill united natural scenery to the sentiment of his songs. Thus has the pen of the poor Paisley weaver thrown an additional charm over the places which he loved—over "The Bonny Wood o' Craigie Lea," "The Braes o' Gleniffer," and "Stanley-Green Shaw."

Glasgow, the birthplace of the steam engine and of steam navigation; the city of iron ships and Macintoshes; the third city of the British isles in wealth and commerce, bears above all other cities in Scotland the honors of enterprise. Three hundred years ago Glasgow, then an old slumberous town which had never been of much account,

suddenly awoke to a new life with the Reformation. Ever since, her people have stood firmly by the Presbyterian cause. On the braes of Langside over yonder, to the south of the river, her citizens, supporting their soldiers in the hour of battle by a movement of their own, secured the final defeat of Queen Mary. In days of later persecution these streets were the headquarters of the Covenanters of the West.

But it was the union of the two kingdoms which, opening up the ports of the New World to Scottish enterprise, laid the real foundations for the prosperity of Glasgow. America has been the making of her fortune. And with the accelerated growth of the United States, within the last fifty years, has hers coincided. Her business, however, is far from being confined to that quarter. It goes out to "a' the arts the win' can blaw;" and does not any longer depend upon the *blawing* of the winds, but traverses every sea upon sheets of iron by the impulse of steam. Nor does it consist in commerce alone; it is largely concerned also in manufactures. The first and last impressions which a traveller usually gets and retains of the western metropolis of Scotland are of the rattling of drays, the clangor

of hammers, the roaring of forges, the hissing of spindles, the clatter of looms, and clouds of murky smoke, with people rushing in every direction, as if something desperate were up somewhere.

Yet busy Glasgow has also her honors of science and literature. It is no common good fortune to be able to boast the names of Dr. Black, of James Watt, of Dr. Thomas Reid, and of Thomas Campbell, the chemist, the machinist, the philosopher, and the poet. And then, besides these and others in the regions of learning and discovery, one cannot help thinking of Motherwell and his "Jeanie Morrison," and of the college days of Professors Wilson and Blackie, who have both thrown the light of song over other parts of their native land; and sometimes also, by a local association, in a no less pleasant way, of some humbler name.

The next day after my arrival in the city, I walked out towards its northwestern quarter, where the new University stands. From a terrace on the opposite side of a valley, laid out as a park, I was looking with admiration upon that large and beautiful structure. Down in the valley among the trees and lawns I saw a brook winding its way,

"What stream is that?" I said to a bystander. "That is the Kelvin," was the reply. The name brought up pleasant recollections from my boyhood of a song which was popular then, as wedded to a national air, the only production of its author, Dr. Lyle, as far as I know, that ever attained popularity. Descending to the banks of the stream, I was shocked to find it polluted with manufacturing filth, brought down from the mills above. Nevertheless, I could not dismiss from memory the recurring echo of "Let us hie to Kelvin Grove, bonny lassie, O," and discovered with gratification that the laborious men of Glasgow admitted the charm also, in calling the newly-laid-out park by the name of "Kelvin Grove." It was really delightful to perceive that those large-minded toiling men, whose gigantic enterprise has created a navigable river out of a creek, and introduced merchant ships from every sea into the bosom of their city, whose commerce extends to all parts of the world, and who upon that river are building more iron ships than all the rest of the British empire together, could yet, in the midst of the hurry and clangor of their business, appreciate a little gem of a song.

CHAPTER XI.

WEST HIGHLANDS—THE CLANS—ARGYLL—THE
MACCALLUM MORE—THE LAND OF LORNE—
THE MACDOUGALS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE
LAND OF OSSIAN—MULL—THE MACLEANS—
ARTORNISH CASTLE—THE MACDONALDS—
LORD OF THE ISLES—IONA—STAFFA.



N visiting Scotland, I had no other purpose than to look at it. Only as I travelled from place to place did I become impressed with its literary associations. But afterwards, in thinking over my experience there, nothing else seemed equally remarkable.

And what I now write is not designed to be an account of travels, but solely to point out the relations of song and scenery in that land, which I think can be best done by showing how a knowledge of them rose upon my own mind.

A handsome steamboat leaves Glasgow every morning, during the summer, and runs down the Clyde, and through the Kyles of Bute to Ardrishaig, at the entrance of the Crinan Canal, in the West Highlands. On a bright morning in September I stepped on board, and after a pleasant sail of a few hours, found myself among the sons of the Gael.

Scotland is a nation consisting of two races, as different one from the other as English and Welsh. The Lowlanders are largely of Germanic descent, and speak a dialect of English; the Highlanders are Celts, and use their ancient Celtic tongue. The former are chiefly incomers within the knowledge of history; the latter have occupied their land from time immemorial, being the descendants of those Caledonians who never submitted to Roman arms. Their defeat by Agricola only confined them to the mountains west of the Grampians, which they still retain. Yet one branch of the people is not more Scottish than the other. Their history and traditions, though in many respects different, are cherished alike by both. Scotland is their common country, her freedom, her honor and her religion their common

inheritance. Nor did I find any difference affecting the nationality of song, except that which consists in the ethnic difference of style.

In the sail of that day, which terminated at Oban, on the coast of Lorne, we passed by or through a large part of the actual or titular dominions of the MacCallum More, or chief of the clan Campbell, at present George Douglas Campbell, Duke of Argyll, heir of one of the most honorable peerages in Europe, himself a highly gifted man, whose writings have earned for him a reputation beyond that of his rank. Lorne, the district of Argyll on which we were landed, gives the title of Marquis to his eldest son, who is Marquis of Lorne until he succeeds as Duke of Argyll.

This wild land of Lorne was in early times one of more than common importance, being the seat of power in the Scottish Dalriadan kingdom, containing its capital and the palace of its Kings. In the beginning of the sixth century after Christ, a colony from Ireland of that Celtic race called Dalriads, was planted here. Being of the same blood and language with the Pictish population, they readily became their countrymen. The Dalriad chiefs soon rose to superiority among their

Pictish peers, and by the middle of the ninth century, succeeded to a wider dominion than had previously belonged to any one sovereign in these quarters. That was the power which subsequently extended its rule over all the Highlands, then over the northeastern coast, annexed to itself Strath-Clyde, took in Galloway, and contended with England for the dales of the south. In short, this little Marquisate of Lorne was the nest-egg by the side of which all the other acquisitions were laid, which as a whole made up the kingdom of Scotland. Its old capital, Beregonium, or whatever else it was called, has disappeared, without leaving a trace save such as lies beneath the ground; but its palace of Dunstaffnage is still, as a ruin, well taken care of.

After it had ceased to be the residence of kings, Lorne came into the possession of the clan Macdougall. In days when the Bruce was a fugitive among these wilds, John of Lorne, from his relationship to Comyn, slain by Bruce at Dumfries, having attached himself to the English side, encountered him with superior numbers, defeated his little band of followers, and nearly took his life. The King escaped by leaving his mantle in the

dying grasp of one of his assailants. The brooch found on it long remained a trophy in the house of Macdougall. It has recently been presented by the heir of that house to Queen Victoria. When better fortune had befallen King Robert, he remembered his Highland enemy, and inflicted upon him an overwhelming defeat. John Macdougall fled to England. His castle of Dunstaffnage was taken, and a large part of his possessions were confiscated. Subsequently they were recovered; but female heirs again divided and alienated them, the most of them passing into the hands of the Campbell of Argyll, while the chieftainship of the clan Macdougall descended to the branch of Dunolly. Though now shorn of its earlier importance, that ancient family still retains an honorable place among the gentry of the Highlands. Their castle of Dunolly near Oban is now in ruins; but their chief occupies a more comfortable residence in its neighborhood.

With once more the good fortune of a clear day, which is by no means a matter of course here, I ascended to the top of an elevation to the north of Oban, commanding an extensive view on all sides. The scene was one of wild and irregular mountains,

carved deep with glens and gorges, and inlaid with belts of loch and narrow patches of verdure, while full through the middle of all, from north to south, extended a vast broad plain filled with the sea.

On the furthest southern extremity, where Loch Linnhe opens into the Atlantic, rise the distant summits of Jura, high among the intervening islands which in various magnitudes speck the shining surface of the waters. Along the whole western side of the loch the dark and lofty island of Mull, and north of the Sound of Mull, the similar country of Morven, fill the horizon. Showers of rain in three different places from their cloudy reservoirs around the mountain tops are falling dusky and grey among the far distant valleys; especially one is trailing a majestic train along the face of the precipices in the direction of Ardgour. The masses and outlines of the mountains look still more dark and dreary through the pale grey veil of rain—a most suitable attire in which to see the kingdom of Fingal. Between that romantic but dreary land and this of Lorne, spreads the broad Loch Linnhe, with the long, low, fertile island of Lismore, and her smaller companions, embedded in its waves. In a direct line northward,

as far as the eye can reach, that sheet of water extends. The valley in which it lies actually crosses the whole breadth of Scotland, until, beyond Inverness, it again sinks beneath the sea, and forms the bed of Moray Frith. On its eastern side, and south of where I stand, lies Oban, close along the shore of her spacious harbor, but concealed from view by the heathery heights which enclose it round. Down below on the northern side, and near where Loch Etive parts company with Loch Linnhe, to enter upon her own devious way among the glens, are the remains of Dunstaffnage Palace. And beyond Loch Etive and the narrow strip of verdure on the shore rise the brown hills, group after group, in successive masses northward over the whole extent of Appin, until far beyond and over all, soars the grey head of Ben Nevis. I have not visited Ben Nevis yet ; but an inner presentiment assures me that yonder lofty peak is his. On the east, and seemingly at no great distance, in mighty mass overtopping his brother giants among whose glens Loch Etive winds away and hides herself, stands the triple-crowned Ben Cruachan.

Notwithstanding patches of culture here and

there, the expression of the whole vast scene around me is that of desolation. This dominion of the MacCullum More is most majestic, but very unproductive. It is almost entirely hunting ground; a wilderness, houseless, fenceless, at present purple with blooming heather, grey with upland pasturage, or bald with iron-colored rocks, and variously intersected with the sea; in great part not incapable of culture, but uncultivated.

And this is the land of Ossian. But who was Ossian? The name which gives title to the poems. And they, whether the production of the son of Fingal, or the son of Pherson, are of Highland birth, and natives of this singularly picturesque country.

From Oban I sailed round the island of Mull to Iona and Staffa, obtaining by the way a view of Iura, Islay, Colonsay, and the Southern Hebrides in general, almost every island of which has its own poetic honors.

On the shores of Mull, of Morven and of the neighboring islands, I found myself within the ancient dominions of the Macdonalds and Macleans, at one time the greatest of the Highland clans. When the Macdonald was Lord of the Isles, and

from his castle of Artornish asserted his superiority over the other clans, the Maclean, in his stronghold of Duart on the opposite side of the Sound of Mull, proved an effective rival to hold his aggressions within bounds. Both clans are now broken and scattered. It was unfortunate for the Macleans that they adhered to the cause of the banished house of Stuart after it had ceased to be royal. They accordingly lost their prestige and were enfeebled as a clan ; while the Campbells, with equal consistency in their hereditary policy, sustaining the Revolution as they had long sustained and suffered for its principles, were elevated to higher steps of prosperity. Still the great and turbulent clan Gillean, has left monuments of its former power in the traditions of the islands, in the ruined towers of Duart and Lochbuy, and in the sculptured tombs of its chiefs in the cemetery of Iona ; and among living men has its representatives in various departments of enterprise and learning.

I was now among the scenes celebrated in Scott's "Lord of the Isles." The castle of Artornish, at least what remains of it, stands at the southward extremity of the district of Morven, on the very

edge of the Sound of Mull, corresponding in situation correctly to the opening verses of the poem :

“ ‘Wake maid of Lorne,’ ” the minstrel sung,
Thy rugged halls, Artornish, rung,
And the dark seas thy towers that lave,
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As ’mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the deep.”

Angus Og, of the clan Macdonald, called Ronald by the poet, is the hero, and the heroine is Edith Macdougall, sister of the high chief of Lorne. The adventures of the Bruce among these isles, between the animosity of Lorne and the friendship of the master of Artornish, constitute the main interest of the first four cantos of the poem.

Passing through this winding Sound of Mull, one is reminded of tales of barbarous warfare, and of appalling recklessness of human life. In the quiet bay of Tobermory, where our boat has rounded in, nearly three hundred years ago went down one of the ships of the great but unfortunate Spanish Armada. Captain Fareiga, with his ship the “Florida,” having through many a danger weathered his way round the north of Scotland, put in here to obtain supplies of provisions. With the chief of the Macleans he agreed to pay for what

the people could bring him. Meanwhile Maclean borrowed a hundred Spanish marines to help him in a war with the Macdonalds. When the Don proposed to leave, he had not settled with the people for the provisions. Perhaps he thought the service of his marines a sufficient compensation, and that the people should look to their chief. Maclean sent his kinsman Donald Glas to adjust the business. No sooner did Donald appear on board than he was disarmed and detained as a prisoner. When the preparations to sail were complete, he was permitted to come on deck to take leave of his friends who had come with him. He secretly slipped a note for his chief into the hand of one of them as he went down the side of the ship, and himself hastily retreated to the cabin. He had discovered the powder magazine, and laid a train. To that he now set fire, and by the time his friends were out of the reach of danger, the "Florida" and more than three hundred human beings were blown to atoms. Only two lives were saved, neither of which was that of Donald Glas.

From the Sound of Mull, going westward, we enter Loch Sunart, and then into the open sea, where, looking northward, we obtain a view of

some of the northern Hebrides, the islands Muck and Rum and Eig and others, and as far as the Cuchulin mountains of Skye. Turning south, we pass between Col and Mull, with Tiree in the distance westward, until we come near to "Ulva's Isle" and in sight of Staffa and Iona. Far in the distance one can recognize Iona by the church and tower, which stand between its low hills and the sea.

The ruins of that Westminster of Highland Kings and nobility are profoundly interesting, but of less antiquity than I expected to see. Not much remains to testify of the Culdees; of the structure erected by Columba, nothing. One chapel bears the name of Oran, his successor; all the other ruins are clearly of the later Romish style.

Iona, literally the holy isle, is of small dimensions, only about three miles in length by one in breadth, and much of that area bleak, barren and of itself uninteresting. Yet that little plain-featured island has a history of hardly less duration than that of Great Britain; and from the first records touching it has been a consecrated spot; first, when the Druids made it the seat of their

heathen hierarchy, and when driven from every other place, the refuge of their order ; then the primitive seminary of Christain missions for the Highlands, and when that was overpowered by the aggressions of Rome, a long maintained stronghold for the Papacy. Since the Reformation it has still been regarded with special reverence for the sake of the past. The principal interest which attaches to it now, is due to Columba and his school of missionaries, by whom the Highland Scots were converted to Christianity. Columba, his pupils and their followers, the Culdees, maintained the integrity of their worship only about one hundred and fifty years. But that is the brightest period in the history of Iona, the period of her widest and most benign influence, and in relation to which modern pilgrimages, no longer of superstition, but of reverence, have been made to her ruined shrines ; in relation to which it is that they have been hung with wreaths of eloquence and poetry from the hands of such men as Dr. Samuel Johnson, Wordsworth and Campbell.

“Peace to their shades, the pure Culdees
Were Albyn’s earliest priests of God,
Before an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trod.”

At Iona there was sounding in my memory all the time, mingling itself with ecclesiastical history and tradition, Campbell's charming poem of "Reul-lura ; and the only reason why I wanted to get a glance at the island of Tiree was that it is mentioned there.

South of Iona, on the shores of Colonsay, one is reminded of Leyden's ballad of the "Mermaid and the Gem of Colonsay." And the Ettrick Shepherd, by his weird ballad of the Abbot MacKinnon, has connected his name with both Iona and Staffa.

"Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian charity's soul-cheering spark,
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning star, farewell !—"

It is not surprising that Staffa should be the theme of repeated poetic attempts. Such it would be in any country where men are capable of appreciating the sublime or wonderful in nature. But there, as elsewhere, in the presence of Nature's wonders, poetry seems to shrink and hold back half her power. The only poem of the kind, which I ever felt it helpful to conception to repeat in the presence of its subject, is Coleridge's Hymn to Mount Blanc. To the general remark Wordsworth's sonnets on Staffa are no exception.

In size that island is much less than Iona, from which it stands to the north seven miles and a half. It is simply a mass of rock rising abruptly from the sea to the height of one hundred and forty-four feet, supporting an irregular plateau of a mile and a half in circumference, covered with rich green pasture. Its sides are precipitous nearly all round, but of irregular elevation. Highest on the side facing south, the whole structure slopes down towards the west and north. To an observer coming from Iona, the appearance of the cliff, at a little distance, is that of a broad belt of closely arranged pillars around a doric temple. The colonnade seems to stand upon horizontal rock, and to support a roof compacted of smaller and irregularly massed crystals of basalt, as if the whole had been a temple completely built, and then, by an earthquake, shattered in its roof and sunk slopingly into the sea to the depth of the upper steps of the stylobate in front, and half the height of the colonnade on the side, and crushed into ruins at the further end. On the east side of the south front opens a lofty portal, running up almost to the roof, like one of the great entrances of the cathedral of Peterborough, with a

majesty which increases upon one as he draws near. This is Fingal's Cave. But how poorly does the word *cave* describe the grandeur of that entrance, or the airy splendor of the aisle to which it admits !

Our steamer stood off at some distance, while we, the passengers, got into boats and rowed close up to the foot of the precipice. When winds are high, the sea rushes into the cave with such violence that it cannot be entered with boats. Fortunately we had calm weather, and our boats pushed in, one after another, on a perfectly tranquil surface. Internally, the cave reminds one of the nave of a Gothic cathedral ; but is fully pervaded by sunlight. The floor is the surface of the sea, which runs almost its whole length of two hundred and twenty-seven feet. Although the water was deep, we could see distinctly to the white bottom. On either side the walls consist solely of regular upright basalt columns, and the ceiling, about seventy feet high from the level of low tide, seems to be made of the capitals of such columns, from which all has been cut away below, leaving them to support each other by their pressure, and constitute a natural and elegantly con-

structed arcade. On each side of the watery floor, rise rows of steps, higher as nearer to the side-wall, like the parallel rows of benches on either side of the British House of Commons. And these rows of steps are also truncated basalt columns. Both in the water and along the sides, the rocks, mainly of iron hue, are variously colored of bright and animating violet and rosy tints, rendering a visit to Fingal's Cave, in a calm and sunny day, an event to make the heart dance for joy.

The effect of sound, deliberately and musically made, is not a confused reduplication of echoes, but a rich, ringing harmonious resonance.

A number of other caves perforate the rocky foundations of the little isle, and three of them, at least, the Scallop Cave, the Boat Cave, and Mac-Kinnon's Cave, add separate elements to the admiration with which one thinks of the whole.

If Iona takes us back to the antiquity of the church, Staffa carries us far beyond into the antiquities of creation.

CHAPTER XII.

LEADING CLANS OF THE MIDDLE AGES—DUN-STAFFNAGE—THE STONE OF DESTINY—TREATY OF ARTORNISH—THE MACLEANS OF DUART—EXTENT OF THEIR DOMINION—THE LADY ROCK.



OUR excursion to Iona ended by returning through the Sound of Mull, and crossing the intervening arm of the sea to Oban. The sun was going down in rosy light, the shadow of Ben More was stretching far to the eastward, and all that side of Mull was black as its heather, and rain clouds were hanging drearily about Ben Cruachan and other mountains of Lorne, as we issued from the Sound and encountered the strong current of the incoming tide. No silent increase of depth was that tide, impreceptible save

by the tranquil tendency in one direction ; but a turbulent, raging torrent, with foaming waves, like an Alpine river of stupendous size.

At this point one stands in the midst of the scenes of the most aspiring Highland ambition. Dunstaffnage, Artornish and Duart, the castles respectively of the Macdougall, the Macdonald and the Maclean, mediæval rivals for sovereignty of the whole, stand almost within sight of each other ; in their mouldering remains, a melancholy lesson on the vanity of human quarrels. The chieftianships are extinct, or only nominal, their clan system dissolved, and their palaces deserted ruins. If Dunstaffnage enjoyed the royal honors, which its competitors failed to attain, it was not as belonging to Macdougall, but of earlier date. An extraordinary fortune, however, has attended the succession of that power once resident in Dunstaffnage. The marble throne, or stone of Destiny, on which the ancient Dalriad kings were crowned, once stood in its chief apartment. Fergus, the founder of that line, is said to have brought it with him from Ireland, and to have set it up first in Iona. A similarly ancient prophecy foretold that wherever it was deposited the Scots should rule.

“Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.”

“Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet’s voice be vain,
Where’er is found this sacred stone,
The Scottish race shall reign.”

In the ninth century it was removed from Dunstaffnage to Scone, near Perth, where for many generations Scottish kings were crowned. In 1296, Edward I., of England, among other means for extinguishing Scottish nationality, had it removed to London. At the present day, there stands in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of Edward the confessor, one of the plainest old-fashioned straight wooden chairs. Within that casing appears a white stone slab, which is the true seat. That is the Scottish stone of Destiny. It was Edward’s purpose to make himself and his successors kings of Scotland, and to defeat Destiny and her predictions. But Destiny, as usual, would have her own way, and also, as usual, by means eluding human foresight. Scotland, in spite of the indomitable efforts of her conqueror, would not stay conquered, and finally, after his death, succeeded in throwing off the yoke of England altogether, and setting up her own King. In course of time, an heir of that king mar-

ried a daughter of the king of England. A little further on, and the only heir to the throne of England was the King of Scotland. The descendant of the Bruce succeeded to the throne of Edward. And a Scot once more ruled where his own chair of Destiny was planted. All succeeding monarchs of the three kingdoms claim their right through that Scottish line, and receive their crown upon that stone, which once conferred its more limited dominion up yonder in Dunstaffnage. The seat of a petty king in the West Highlands has become the coronation chair of a powerful empire. From the first, the dominion it represented was one of land and sea, islands and mainland. It is so still. But from Highland lochs and half desert islets, that dominion has extended to all the oceans of the globe, and to the residence of two hundred millions of mankind. A remarkable history for a piece of stone. Not without reason, apparently, did Scotsmen take the removal of that palladium of theirs serenely ; and never have been urgent for its restoration. In as far as they believed the augury connected with it, they must have felt that, in carrying it off, "the lang-shanked southerone had caught a tartar."

The illustrious chief of Artornish used to deport himself as actual monarch of the West Highlands. Although not so acknowledged, he often humbled the strongest of his rivals in their wars of competition with him, and did not shrink occasionally from measuring himself with the King, who issued his mandates from Stirling, as witness the battles of Harlaw and of Inverlochy.

Artornish also entered into an independent treaty with Edward IV. of England, in which that monarch, through his deputies and commissioners, pledged himself to pay the Lord of the Isles a stipulated sum, on condition of assistance in subduing the Kingdom of Scotland to English rule. In case the plan proved successful, the Lord of the Isles and James Earl of Douglas, who was also one of the allies, were to divide equally between them the country taken from the king, and hold it, together with their own hereditary dominions, on condition of homage and fealty to the crown of England forever. Though no serious evil to the kingdom of Scotland came out of that treaty, for the reign of Edward IV. was too much occupied with wars, and pleasures elsewhere, to admit of carrying out efficiently his projects for Scotland, yet its existence

proves how fully Macdonald held himself independent of the King of Scotland.

In the fifteenth century the Macleans were at the summit of their fortune. Their possessions extended over Mull, Tyree, Coll, Jura, Scarba, and many other smaller islands ; on the mainland they held Ardgour and Lochaber, and divided Morven with the Macdonalds, Lochiel, with the Camerons, and Duror and Glencoe, with Lorne ; and their ramifications, into new, and over subordinate clans, carried their influence far beyond the bounds of their definite territory. Although there were several chiefs among them, especially of Duart, of Lochbuy, of Coll, and of Ardgour, the acknowledged high chief of the whole clan was Maclean of Duart.

Leaving Artornish behind, we passed Castle Duart on the right, and at the distance from it of about two miles, the Lady Rock, a low, bare isolated reef in the sea. The tide was surging up around the latter, climbing over it, and would soon submerge it, and smooth the surf into a deep and steady stream.

Everything here has a history. These low-lying rocks just visible at half tide, have their

share in the records of human events, and their own inheritance of poetry. They are the central point of scenery in Joanna Baillie's metrical drama, "The Family Legend," and historically connected with an important event in the feuds of two great clans.

Lachlan Cattanach Maclean succeeded to the chieftainship of Duart in 1513. His wife was the Lady Elizabeth Campbell, sister of the third earl of Argyll. Not quite two years had they been married, when the chief's fancy changed, and he became more ardently attached to the daughter of one of his own vassal chiefs. A man of violent passions, and of little conscience, he now desired to be rid of his wife by some means not to involve him in war with her powerful kindred. The better to accomplish his purpose, he multiplied attentions to her, with the best show of affection he could command. Among other thoughtful designs for her entertainment, one fine evening, he ordered out his best appointed galley, and invited her to a sail with him upon the tranquil sea. Without anticipation of anything but pleasure, she accepted. After sailing about under the setting sun and the slowly descending twilight, it was a pleasant whim

to land upon those barren rocks, and might be only romantic, or amusing. But suddenly turning from his wife, Maclean entered his galley and rowed away, leaving her there alone. She was far from any ear that could hear her cries, night was deepening about her, and the tide was rising and would soon silence her lamentations forever. No mortal should know what had become of her, except her husband and his oarsmen, in whose silence he had perfect confidence.

How he rested that night history does not record. Next day he wrote to the Earl of Argyll, announcing and bewailing the sudden death of his sister, the Lady Maclean. The Earl in his reply requested that her body should be deposited in the burial ground of her father's family. It was indisputably reasonable. All preparations for a stately funeral were made by Maclean, who, at the head of a large retinue of mourners, conducted the coffin of his late wife to its destined resting place. He was respectfully met by a delegation of the Campbells, and requested to deposit his "precious charge" in an apartment fitted up for the purpose, while he should meet the family more composedly in private. Upon entering he found them taking

their seats at the dinner table. Solemnly, as befitted the occasion, the Earl welcomed his brother-in-law, and introduced him to the lady at the head of the table, in whom, to his utter consternation, Lachlan Cattanach saw his own wife alive and well.

One of the boatmen who rowed the galley to the rock, had been deeply moved by the tears and cries of the poor despairing woman ; and no sooner got back to land, than he persuaded one of the chief's body guard, whose humanity he thought he could trust, to help him to rescue her. He had a boat in a little bay, called Loch Don, not far off. Under cover of night, and the shores of the bay, they put off hastily, and reached the reef in time, and not much more than just in time to save the lady from a fearful death. Rowing over to the opposite side, they landed her on the coast of Lorne, from which, in the course of the second day, she reached the castle of Inverary. What came of the noble fellows who rescued her, we are not informed. They certainly did not flourish under the favor of Lachlan Maclean after that.

Why he and his followers did not meet the immediate punishment, to be expected in such a

case, might be accounted for by the fact that he had taken the precaution of heavily arming both himself and them. But that is not enough. There were means of vengeance belonging to the Campbell, in his own castle, which would have overcome all that. But then there were the strong Highland feelings of honor touching the protection due to guests. And by the earnest solicitations of the late wife herself, employed, no doubt, upon her brother before the meeting took place, the villain of a husband was allowed to return uninjured. It may also have been thought that to leave him to a life-long infliction of the shame and contempt due to his conduct would be the severest of punishment.

Lachlan married the mistress for whom he had attempted the monstrous crime, and survived many years, but did not escape the avenger to the end. "This worthless chief of Maclean," says the clan Seneachie, who narrates the story, "the only worthless one, I am happy to say, of his race, lived to a great age; nevertheless, vengeance pursued him, and his end was such, as may indeed be justified—he was killed in his bed, in Edinburgh, by Campbell, of Achchallader, brother to the injured Lady Elizabeth.

Joanna Baillie, in her fine drama on this theme, has given an entirely different character to the chief, and altered some of the facts, but has not, as seems to me, improved upon the historical account, in a dramatic point of view.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COUNTRY OF OSSIAN—LOCH LINNHE—CLAN STEWART OF APPIN—POEMS OF OSSIAN—GLENCOE—BEN NEVIS—LOCHIEL—THE CAMERON COUNTRY—CHARLES EDWARD STEWART—RISING OF THE CLANS IN 1745—MACDONALD OF CLAN RONALD—INVERLOCHY.



P Loch Linnhe, that great broad avenue of water, into the heart of the Highlands. The morning was misty, with a thin drizzling rain, as we steamed out of the harbor of Oban, past the high perched ruins of Dunolly Castle, and the broader mass of Dunstaffnage, and the entrance of Loch Etive, between the island of Lismore and the coast of Lorne. Physically uncomfortable, it was yet in some respects the most suitable weather for a tour into the country of

Ossian. Cloud and mist are as really parts of the scenery of his Highland rhapsodies as are the mountains and the sea. And although our motion through the water was not by the "winds as they pour from Lena," yet over the same water of which he sang we also "rushed with joy through the foam of the deep;" "we rose on the waves with songs." That morning I fell in with a jovial company, for it was the time of shooting, and when tourists were abroad in the land. Some were Englishmen, going in regular mountain trim of grey or other sober-colored woolen, with thick stockings up to the knees, and small clothes coming down only to two inches below the knees, with heavy clumsy shoes, to rough it in the Highlands; a few were Germans, ladies and gentlemen, looking upon everything with intelligent curiosity; and quite a number were Scotchmen returning from their business in the South to enjoy their autumn holiday in their "native Highland Home." Of these the greater number wore the common city dress, but others, feeling perhaps that this was a suitable occasion to gratify their native taste, and once more "on wi' the tartan," were equipped in full Highland costume. And a most splendid costume it is—in its

finest array, the most splendidly picturesque worn by men. At the same time, to me, as a Lowlander, to whose eye it was a novelty—I had seen it before only in some of the regiments in Edinburgh—there was a look of discomfort about the knees, on that cool drizzly morning. In the company we had also a young and very modest lord, the heir of a great name, of high titles and wealth, tall and handsome, very plainly dressed, and one of the most unpretending men I ever saw. He said little, but listened respectfully to others, and what he did say was in a quiet deferential way, as if his opinion had no right to settle anything. There was no special notice taken of him, for all were most respectful to each other. We had also with us the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Robert Lowe, an active, firmly built old gentleman, with perfectly white hair and an animated ruddy countenance, in stature a little above the medium, and of a quick vigorous step in walking, ready to talk with anybody in his clear, definite way, with a hearty laugh for a good joke, and ready with one of his own, not always without a spice of satire. A part of his time he spent in the cabin studying figures. I noticed that he used spectacles, and yet held the book he was reading

almost close to his nose. I was impressed with the conviction that he would not feel out of his element in the United States.

Loch Linnhe is an arm of the sea which elsewhere would in the English tongue be called a bay ; not unlike the Cheaspeake. Other smaller Lochs set off from it into the deep recesses of the mountains to the east and west. One of those to the east is Loch Etive, which we have passed, and further up is Loch Leven. Between them lies the district of Appin, which at one time belonged to a sept of the clan Stewart. There the steep declivities of the mountains come down to the shore in beautiful pastoral green. Our obliging captain sailed near in by the land as we passed Appin House, one of those handsome residences, which, occurring at great distances in what is otherwise wilderness, enhance the effect of the strong contrasts in the natural scenery.

The Stewarts of Appin were not the royal Stewarts ; but in looking upon what was once the residence of a powerful branch of that name, one cannot but think of the royal chief of the whole ; especially as the clan Appin were so devotedly attached to the cause of their royal kinsman, that

“In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud piles of Glenorchy and Lorne,
While one of the Stewarts held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.”

In the final effort to restore the dethroned dynasty by the rebellion of 1745, the Stewarts of Appin followed the standard of Charles Edward through all the campaign to the field of Culloden, and to the ruin of their clan. However emphatically a Lowlander and Covenanter by blood must dissent from their politics, he feels constrained to respect such heroic, though mistaken fidelity, and looks with a degree of pathetic interest upon the country which was once their home : that

“Land that was famous of yore,
The land of green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods o’er the shore
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant or good :
The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,
The land of fair Selma, the reign of Fingal,
And late of a race that with tears must be named,
The noble clan Stewart, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Righ ! and the Stewarts of Appin !
The gallant, devoted old Stewarts of Appin.
Their glory is o’er,
For the clan is no more ;
And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin.”

These few days in the Highlands have brought back to memory my boyhood’s enthusiastic read-

ing of Ossian, with a reviving sense of young life once more, although it seems strange to see as day-light realities what so long have been to me only visions of fancy. I spontaneously fell to thinking, more than I had thought since boyhood, of those unique productions, dreamy, half barbarous, often bombastic and yet often exceedingly beautiful, with occasional touches of tenderness that fall like glimpses of sunshine through the mist. Whatever may be said of their authorship, I perceive that they are the genuine offspring of this country. Every element of scenery proper to it is also proper to them : dark, rugged mountains, wild glens, heathery moors, romantic streams, arms of the sea winding inland in every direction, multitudes of islands, in some quarters clustered in groups, in others scattered far apart over the wide expanse of the ocean, a land where daily sunshine and cloud are mingled, and the landscape is often disguised and its objects magnified through the lenses of mist, a land, as it is to this day, of wilderness and palaces. In perhaps only two things is it different now from what it is depicted in the poems ; the forests for the most part have disappeared, and the style of the palaces has changed.

Instead of fortified strongholds of rapacious chiefs, comparatively poor and incomparably proud, they are now the elegant residences of wealth in the security of well-regulated peace.

I had no copy of Ossian with me—in fact had no thought of him when I turned my steps in this direction ; but memory, though no doubt far from correct, served better than reading, for it brought with it feelings from a time of my own life better disposed to be charmed with Ossian than perhaps I should be now. As the poems had given my first ideas of the scenery, so now the actual scenery recalled the poems, their heroes and events—Ossian, the heroic but gentle and meditative son of Fingal, the “grey-haired King of Morven ;” “Ullin, the first of bards ;” and “Carril, of olden time,” whose “music was like the memory of joys that are past.” But chiefly arose upon my mind those graphic figures which depict the scenery—the “hills of the isle of mist,” “the mossy streams,” “the gloomy heath,” the “streamy vales,” “the troubled sea,” the “fleets like forests clothed with mist,” the “rugged mountains of Morven,” the “bare and glittering rocks,” the hero who sat “on the shore like a cloud of mist on the

silent hill," whose voice in peace was "like the wind among the reeds," but in war like "a wave on a rock," and who descended on his foes "like a stream from the mountains," and with all these the ghosts, which so often bent from the clouds, "the stars dim-twinkling through their forms."

Essential to the completeness of poetry are metrical rhythm, concrete language, instead of abstract or technical, and impassioned thought. Of these, the Ossianic poems lack that which gives poetry its consistent form. True, they have a kind of rhythm, a tantalizing semi-metrical shape, which looks as if it were following some metrical original, but failing, often disappoints the ear. What appears to us as sometimes affected or bombastic, may be only the rendering of bold poetic imagery into the inadequate form of prose. The metrical form justifies a boldness, occasionally a pomp of expression, which prose rejects, or endures with a protest.

At Ballahulish, on Loch Leven, we landed, and went up to Glencoe, interesting for its own savage grandeur; for its river, said to be the Cona of Ossian; and for the terrible massacre of its population, a sept of the clan Macdonald, about one

hundred and eighty years ago. The last has been touched by many a poet, but by none more feelingly than one bearing the name Campbell, on which rests the charge of the crime :

“They lay down to rest with their thoughts on the morrow,
Nor dreamt that life’s visions were melting like snow,
But daylight has dawned in the silence of sorrow,
And ne’er shall awaken the sons of Glencoe.”

From the point where Loch Leven sets off to the east, Loch Linnhe gives way to Loch Eil, which follows the same northeastward direction, and between the same mountainous embankments. Upon reaching its extremity, one looks forward over a low, dreary, flat moorland of at least ten miles in length, increasing a little in elevation as it recedes from the sea, and extending by an opening among the hills indefinitely. On its eastern side the mountains rise suddenly to a great altitude. For there is Ben Nevis, whose foot is on the flat, and his summit in the heavens, more than forty-four hundred feet, immediately above. This prince of Scottish mountains has all the advantage of exhibiting his whole elevation to the eye, and sometimes an additional advantage of concealing the real limit of his altitude in a crown of clouds.

He also stands conspicuously apart from his fellows, separated by Glen Nevis on the south, and by plains on the west, north, and east. No mountain of its size can surpass Ben Nevis in majesty of appearance.

From the western extremity of Loch Eil, a smaller bay strikes off at right angles into a glen running westward. At the entrance of that branch loch we were landed, on the northern side. The first object of human work to attract notice was the slender white monument erected to the memory of Colonel Cameron, of the 92d Highlanders. I had recently seen the place where he fell on the field of Waterloo, recalling the spirited stanza of Childe Harold touching his brave clan—

“And high and wild the Cameron’s gathering rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s ears.”

And here, where his forefathers maintained the cause of the Royal Stewart, to the sacrifice of their all, is his memory also honored who laid down his life in the service of the constitutional dynasty.

And this is the Cameron country, made well-known in Highland history by the exploits of Sir Evan, whose military talents on a wider field would have earned him a European renown ; and the Lochiel of the more widely celebrated, but less fortunate military enterprise of his grandson, as well as the scene of Campbell's poem of "Lochiel's Warning," which has met with that extreme degree of popularity which makes it hackneyed. And this is the country where Charles Edward Stewart commenced his campaign for the crown of his ancestors. A wild adventure ; but from his point of view, believing that the people were generally in his favor and would be glad to welcome him, it was entirely reasonable, and nothing in his eyes could be plainer than his right. He was the grandson of King James II. of England. His father, who in 1715 had failed in a similar attempt, had never resigned his claim, and was still living. In his name was this enterprise undertaken. It had much to recommend it to those who believed in the divine right of the old dynasty. Charles did not propose to conquer the throne of Great Britain for himself immediately, but to set up his father. Lack of force was the only objection in the minds of

Jacobites. He had stolen away from France with only two ships, equipped for him by a few friends privately, and one of these he had lost in battle with a British man-of-war. In the other he had made his way round the west coast of Ireland to the Hebrides, without arms, without soldiers, without generals, and almost without money. The Highland chiefs were not glad to see him, and at first refused to adopt his cause. It seemed hopeless, if not chimerical. Considerable time was spent in soliciting one and another before a single clan was pledged to him. His first gain was effected by throwing himself upon the hospitality of the Macdonalds of clan Ronald and Glenalladale, and the reluctant chivalry of Lochiel.

It was the decision of Lochiel, made at variance with his own better judgment, that settled the question for several clans. Such was the respect in which he was held, that when it was known that Donald Cameron of Lochiel had taken up the cause of the Prince, hundreds on hundreds hastened to his standard. The movement became an enthusiasm among the Jacobite clans; and, after the national fashion, music and poetry expressed and fanned the increasing flame. Among Lowlanders,

if not many risked their lives and fortunes for the cause, not a few sustained it with their pens, and added to the flood of song about it. After all was over, the romance of the adventure recommended it to the imagination, and gave rise to amateur poems on one side and the other, and Jacobite melodies became a style of popular song over all the kingdom.

The landing place of the Pretender was on the estates of Clan Ronald, his flag was unfurled in Glenfinnan, and the most powerful arm in his support was that of Lochiel. For the honor of the reigning dynasty, I was happy to learn that, although their estates were forfeited, the Cameron is Cameron of Lochiel still, and the lands of Macdonald are still held by his heirs. It has even been allowed them to erect a monument where the rebel standard was set up. But the Disarming Act, which followed the suppression of the rebellion, with the laws against the Highland costumes, struck a fatal blow at clan organizations. They are broken and scattered; and the practice of eviction of tenants in later times has sent a great part of the population to foreign lands. Still, though the clan system is broken, there abides

among the remaining families a fondly cherished clan feeling, although it pertains now only to genealogy and history. That night I slept at the "Lochiel Arms Hotel," and awoke in the morning to look out upon the broad heathery plain, and the mighty mass of Ben Nevis soaring up between me and the rising sun.

It would be endless to enumerate all the poetic associations of that country, from the mournful wail of "Lochaber no More," to the furious "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," whose "war pipe and pennon were at Inverlochy." I was there on the borders of Lochaber; and before I left, I had walked over the plain to the foot of Ben Nevis, and by the wooded banks of the river Nevis, which winds along the glen of the same name, had rambled through the ruins of the old castle of Inverlochy, and traversed the battle ground where, in the fifteenth century, Donald Balloch of the Isles defeated the national forces, and where, two hundred years later, Montrose, in the interest of Charles I., defeated Argyll in defence of the Covenant. It was a scene related to national history, but perhaps still more interesting from its relations to two or three well-known chapters in Scott's "Legend of Montrose."

CHAPTER XIV.

GLENMORE-NAN-ALBIN—THE CALEDONIAN CANAL
—CULLODEN — INVERNESS — MACBETH — MAC-
PHERSON'S FAREWELL—"WHERE GADIE RINS."



GLENMORE-NAN-ALBIN, the great glen of Scotland, is a deep channel through the mountains, running in a straight line and without interruption from one side of Scotland to the other, in a direction from south-west to north-east. For the greater part of its length it is filled with a row of three narrow lakes, in no part varying greatly from a mile to a mile and a half in width. With its lofty mountain banks on either side, it looks as if giants had undertaken to make a canal on their scale, from the Sound of Mull across the country to the Firth of Moray, and had executed all except the

sufficient deepening at three or four points. The working divisions which excavated Moray Firth and Loch Eil, finished their contract completely ; and so did those on the Loch Ness division. Two other sections, those of Loch Oich and Loch Lochy, came short of the necessary depth ; and the rest seem to have stopped working at an earlier stage. Perhaps they belonged to a trade's union and struck. The Caledonian Canal completes the part which they left unfinished, and, although not on the same Titanic scale, in a magnificent manner.

The Caledonian Canal was commenced in 1805 and opened to navigation in 1822. Designed as a ship canal, it was constructed with a view to a minimum depth of twenty feet, with locks measuring one hundred and seventy feet in length, by forty feet wide. The embankments of the canal are solid stone masonry. From sea to sea the length is sixty miles and a half. Of that distance the three lakes, Lochy, Oich and Ness, fill thirty-seven and a half miles, leaving twenty-three for the canal. The highest elevation which is in Loch Oich is overcome by nine locks. Handsome steamers ply upon this line for the accommodation

of travelers ; but otherwise I did not see such an amount of business upon it as might have been expected.

Into that long glen several side glens open, all of them connected with important historical clans. At the west end lies that of the Spean, containing the lands of Macdonald of Keppoch, and on the north side, that of Arkaig, with the residence of Cameron of Lochiel. Then, going north-eastward, follow Glengarry, formerly the possession of a sept of the Macdonalds, Glenmoriston and Glen Urquhart, belonging to the clan Grant. On the southern side, from west to east come successively, beginning from the country of Lochaber, that of the Frasers, of the Macgillivrays and of the Mackintoshes. These clans were the strength of Charles Edward's army, and this is the region whence proceeded the adventures of that romance in history, the rebellion of 1745. Among other fruits from this quarter, Scott drew some of the materials and characters of "Waverly." In the morning I left the neighborhood in which Charles Edward first mustered the clans, and before sunset, had looked upon Culloden Moor, where, after having overrun the length of Scotland, and of England to its

centre, his last hope was extinguished in the utter rout of his army. The wail over that day, so dismal to the clans, which long echoed through both Highlands and Lowlands, had far tenderer than political and military aspects. It was like the lamentation of the Hebrew tribes over the defeat of their brother Benjamin. The muse of the Lowlands sympathized with her sister of the Highlands, and the loyal with Jacobites, in the terrible calamity of the field of battle, and still more in the military execution which followed. As "Drum-mossie Muir," or Culloden, it was sung in strains of sorrow by many who had no regret for the failure of Charles Edward. And when, at a later day, the heirs of the chiefs concerned in the treason were restored to their confiscated estates, another burst of poetry hailed the resumption of their ancient honors.

But here at Inverness, before I have passed the bounds of the country specially the scene of the "Forty-five" and its cycle of Jacobite melodies, I find myself entering upon another of still greater and far more general interest; namely, that which Shakspeare has celebrated though he never saw. For here begins the original scenery of "Macbeth."

It was at Inverness, according to Buchanan, that the murder of King Duncan was perpetrated. Although that is not without question, for three other places claim the dismal distinction, it is accepted by the poet, who, in the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, has laid the central action of the drama.

At this point the pleasant party thrown together on Loch Linnhe broke up and dispersed. I never saw but one of them again, and that for only a few minutes, without exchange of words. Pleasant, intelligent gentlemen they were, full of interest in the country of which they soon discovered that I was a resident and citizen. Most of them were English; some of them of the University of Oxford. Of Englishmen, before leaving home, I had little knowledge except by reading or hearing, and expected to find them in various ways far from agreeable; such is the reputation which for some reason or another their continental neighbors give them. On so brief a tour I had no time to see people in their homes, my aim being solely to look upon historic scenes; but from my experience among Englishmen, as far as it went, I am happy to say that I never fell in with them, in England or on

their travels, in city or in country, among works of art, or climbing and scrambling among the Alps, or sailing on Scottish lochs, but I found them the most charming of companions.

Going from Inverness eastward, one soon passes the parish of Cawder, one of the earldoms so mysteriously assigned to Macbeth, and, at a few miles distance the castle of the present "Thane of Cawder," now under the English title of Earl.

The next place we come to is Forres, where the scene of a great part of the action of "Macbeth" is laid; and on the heath of Hardmoor, a barren tract of land towards the sea, did the witches hold their meeting.

At Inverness the traveler coming from the West Highlands enters an entirely new style of country; the wild mountains disappear, or appear only in the far distance; and instead of the desolation out of which he has emerged, low lands under the highest scientific culture spread before him. Moorlands have been cleared, marshes and even lakes have been drained and turned into fruitful fields. On all the eastern coast, from Moray Firth to the English border, the farming is with little exception of a kind most gratifying to the eye of an agriculturist.

Swept along by rail through this land smiling under the hands of industry, where the fields are covered with the ripened grain, with men and women at work, reaping, binding and stooking the crops, one finds much to divide attention, and has time to think of only the most obvious and superficial associations of places and their names as they are called out, and after the pause of a moment are left behind. You hear the name of Elgin ; and one of Scotland's noblest sacred tunes comes to mind, and with it Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night." You cross the Spey which suggests Strathspey, a little further up, and that again a style of music peculiar to Scotland. And here is the little river Bogie, honored with both music and song enough for the portion of a bigger stream. Or you hear the junction for Banff, and if you have a little acquaintance with old Scottish music, you think of the musical outlaw Jemmy Macpherson, the fiddler and robber, to whom Scotland is indebted for two or three beautiful airs, and who carried the consolations of his art to the gallows with him, and

"Played a spring and danced it round
Beneath the gallows tree,"

then broke his violin across his knee and yielded

his neek to the halter. "Macpherson's Farewell," composed by him in prison for his positively last appearance in public, was a great favorite with Burns who also wrote a song for it. And there, on our right running down from Keith, we pass the little brook Gadie, which figures in the Latin poems of Arthur Johnstone, next after Buchanan, the best Latin poet of Scotland, but more familiarly in the plain Scotch of

"I wish I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
I wish I were where Gadie rins,
At the foot of Bennochie."

Praise, like some other things, is unequally divided. While many large and majestic rivers roll unsung, what right has such a little streamlet as the Bogie or the Gadie to poetic honors? At many places I could have jumped across either of them, from bank to bank.

There is intrinsic grandeur in lofty mountains, large rivers, extended plains, which call forth a response in the mind of man, and which he will go to much expense and trouble to enjoy; but after all, nothing in heaven or earth is so interesting to him as his fellow man. A trace of a departed gene-

ration, be it only in a ruin, or scene of history or of fiction, will move warmer feeling than all the magnitude or beauty of uninhabited nature could ever reach. Science and commercial enterprise explore the mighty rivers of South America and Central Africa, but the affections of the heart cling, irrespective of their size or beauty, to the lower Nile, to the Jordan, and the Tiber ; and the little Ilissus is worth more to our inner life than is the Niger or the Amazon. Man is the life of the universe to man.

CHAPTER XV.

ABERDEEN—BEATTIE—SCENES OF BYRON'S CHILDHOOD—MARISCHAL COLLEGE—OLD ABERDEEN—BARBOUR—JOHN OF FORDUN—KING'S COLLEGE—HECTOR BOETIUS—JOHN BELLENDEN.



LITERATURE, let us be thankful, does not depend upon commercial success, and often flourishes without it. The literary reputation of Aberdeen was most conspicuous in the days of her poverty. For then it overtopped everything else. Her colleges gave her eclat for learning, when learning enjoyed a larger proportion of public honor, and one of the greatest poets of the middle ages was her townsman.

Aberdeen has also her folks' poetry. There grew up, nobody knows how, a class of ballads such as the "Battle of Harlaw," "The Trumpeter

of Fyfie," "The Baron of Brackley," and so on ; and all Scotland knows that

"There's could kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie."

And there was the home of the gentle "Minstrel," James Beattie, who, notwithstanding the merit of some of his prose, will live longest in his verse ; and but a short way behind, we might have visited, though I did not, the scene of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," a lively little poem by King James I.

Some persons write and publish verses, who never knew the poet's fire ; and hence, though not very logically, it has been inferred that every one who is poetically gifted lays before the public his best ; that there is such a proclivity in all mankind to write verses, that real poetical talent cannot be concealed, and must inevitably manifest the utmost of its power. A man like Franklin was prudent in resisting the temptation to verse. Wherever it costs so little self-denial, it ought to be resisted. But there have been men, whom every right consideration, save the necessities of life, should have persuaded to the most faithful study of poetic art. In that light we readily think of Goldsmith. But is it not more strikingly true of Beattie ? a man

who never did himself justice. A philosopher he certainly was not, and yet to philosophy, under a sense of duty, were his days devoted. His temperament of mind was entirely that of a poet, and yet so little time was ever given to its culture that his early poems were mere crude incipencies, which maturer study would have given to the flames. The man, who at leisure hours of an intellectually exhausting profession, could write "The Minstrel," might, with all his strength to it, have enriched the world with a really great poem. "The Minstrel" is composed with care, from beginning to end, and there are passages in it of masterly execution, and yet through the whole, especially the first canto, one feels the caution of timidity, which is only occasionally broken over, a timidity not due to scanty resources, but to inexperience of wing. The freer sweep of expression in the second canto, notwithstanding its less attractive theme, distinctly evinces a progress in the author's skill, and command of his art. That he truly "reverenced the lyre," his own harmonious stanzas declare ; yet he never obtained emancipation from the notion, prevalent in his day, that it was fit only to be the plaything of a leisure hour. Perhaps, as in the

case of some others, necessity of daily bread, and the business demands of prose prevailed. And so we have a feeble philosopher when we ought to have had none, and only a fragment of an imperfectly developed, but true poet.

On the north shore of the river Dee, and occupying ground, which increases in elevation back from the harbor, New Aberdeen presents quite a stately appearance to the south. It was New Aberdeen five hundred years ago, being put up instead of an older town destroyed by Edward I., of England; but within the present century has established an additional claim to the distinction of new. That part of it occupied by public business and the better class of private residences, has been entirely rebuilt. Constructed of the fine light-grey granite of the neighborhood, handsomely cut, its finer streets sustain their graceful architecture with an air of sober dignity. Union Street, King's Street, and the Place, in which stands the statue of the Duke of Gordon, may be compared with the finest municipal architecture in Europe. And yet, admiring as I did, that beauty in stone, I deferred more than a brief glance at it to a future occasion, and turned from Union Street into an old-fashioned

thoroughfare called Broad—not very broad at its entrance, being contracted by the overbearing aggression of its more stylish neighbor. It widens up, however, as one advances. At a little bookstore I asked the way to Marischal College. The bookseller, a *douce*-looking elderly man, politely gave the information required. He then showed me an edition which he had just got out, of two old local ballads, obviously the most esteemed treasures in his literary world, and volunteered to direct me to a house, in the same street, which he said was the residence of Byron's mother, and of her son, for most of the first eight or nine years of his life.

The house of the poet's childhood is not poetic either in itself or its surroundings. As when, in Geneva, I looked upon the house where it is said Rousseau was born and spent his childhood, it seemed to me that the glorious and sensitive life which there arose may have been clouded in its dawn by the sombreness of first impressions.

Byron's mother was a native of this north country, a Gordon of a highly connected branch of the clan Gordon, an only child, and heiress of considerable fortune. Upon her marriage with Captain Byron, she removed with him to the

Continent, where he soon squandered all but a fragment of her property—a fragment fortunately so vested as to be out of his reach. She parted from him to return home. At London her son was born. In this plain, dingy old house in Aberdeen, the unfortunate lady took up her abode, and lived many years in circumstances which, if not poor, were extremely narrow. Three years after the birth of his son, Captain Byron died, and seven years later, his uncle, the fifth Lord Byron. The poet was thereby, at ten years of age, the successor to an English peerage ; and his residence in Scotland came to an end. Most of the last two years had been spent in the country, at Ballater, a watering place about forty miles up the Dee. To his impressions of the scenery there, Byron recurred, in after days, with evident gratification. They appear in his boyish—yet no common boyish—song of “Loch-na-Gar,” and that in which he fondly records the time when he

“Roved a young Highlander o’er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below.”

They are also recalled with lingering affection in a well-known passage of *Don Juan* :

“As ‘Auld Langsyne’ brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie brig’s black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams ;”

where he also writes with enthusiasm,

“But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one,—and my heart flies to my head.”

Marischal College, in New Aberdeen, dates from the end of the sixteenth century. The buildings have recently been renewed, and are good and substantial, but nobody can tell what they look like. For they are enclosed in a mass of private buildings, with only a narrow court in front, and that is approached by an insignificant entrance from Broad Street. Not in showy buildings, but in literary and historical relations lie the attractions of Marischal College, the *Alma Mater* of the philosopher Thomas Reid, and the historian Gilbert Burnet, where the mathematicians, James Gregory and Colin Maclaurin taught, and where James Beattie was lecturing when he wrote “The Minstrel.”

Old Aberdeen is a straggling country town, quite apart, to the northward, from the busy city. The walk out to it I enjoyed under the feeling that

there I was treading the very ground trodden five hundred years ago by the author of "The Bruce." There was the original seat of the town, a place of note as early as the ninth century; and not *Aberdeen* was its name, but *Aberdon*, as lying near the mouth of the river Don. The greater subsequent prosperity of the new city, at the mouth of the Dee, has eclipsed both its importance and name. Still it retains, at least, the testimony of an adjective to its ancient precedence. For the people of Aberdeen, old and new, are *Aberdonians* to this day.

From Marischal College, in the new town, to King's College, in the old, is over a mile. The latter is the older institution by a hundred years. But even that does not present perhaps its real antiquity. For although it was not formally established with college authority until 1494, when, through the efforts of Bishop Elphinstone, it received pontifical sanction from Pope Alexander VI.—a scandalous kind of god-father—yet there had been a collegiate school in that place at least from the reign of Malcom IV., in the twelfth century, and there, in the fourteenth, must John Barbour have received the education which pre-

pared him to be Archdeacon, for it does not appear that he ever left his native land, until in the capacity of Archdeacon he took his journey into England.

What Thomas of Erceldoune is to the south of Scotland, but with more historical certainty, as to his work, is Barbour to the north. He is its literary link with the middle ages, one of those leaders of thought by whom our English tongue was trained to the harmony of letters. While Langlande, and Chaucer, and Gower were at work in England, Barbour was similarly employed up here. The same language, it appears, was spoken from Kent to Murray Firth, with less dialectical difference than at a later time, for it is obvious that the language in which Barbour wrote was his vernacular.

“The Bruce” is an historical poem or metrical history of “The Acts and Life of that most victorious conqueror, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, wherein are contained the martial deeds of those valiant princes, Edward Bruce, Sir James Douglas, Erle Thomas Randel, Walter Stewart, and sundrie others.” As a poem, it is even compared with the works of Chaucer, one of the great-

est in our language, as pertaining to that early time. In subject and design it is not of a nature to be compared with anything that Chaucer ever wrote ; nor would it be just to the father of English poetry to compare him, in those respects, with it. Its proper relations are with the metrical romances and chronicles of the foregoing period. And there it rises to the vast superiority of truth. The former it excels in the reality of its characters and scenes, and, although not without some ingredients of fiction, in historical fact ; and the latter, in the rich life of a masculine poetry. It is also more native, owes less to foreign—that is Italian—example than do the works of Chaucer. By this remark I mean not to put Barbour above Chaucer, nor even equal to him, upon the whole, but simply to claim for the northern poet a place of his own—a place which not the greatest of his time can dispute with him.

Without that thinking which is occasioned by being on the spot, I should perhaps never have recognized the honor due to this poor Old Aberdeen, for priority in another branch of literature. But thinking about the historical character of “The Bruce,” on the ground where it was written, unavoidably suggests the fact that here also was

the birth of Scottish history. John of Fordun was a monk of Aberdeen, and of the fourteenth century, a friend, I have no doubt, of Barbour. The authors of the "Scottish Chronicle" and of the historical poem, living in the same place, of about the same age, and monks in the same Abbey, could not fail to be mutually attached companions. They are such just now in my mind. I see them, on a pleasant autumn afternoon like this, their morning tasks accomplished, with their long gowns girded up, striding along together over these low hills which overlook the Don, in absorbing discussion of their favorite and kindred topics. At any rate the scenery before me speaks of the poet; the old Abbey is younger than his day, but it is the growth of that in which he worshipped. And the narrative of Fordun, while the foundation of all subsequent Scottish history, has furnished matter and suggestion for many a poetical tale.

Barbour's work pertained to the generation just preceding his own—he was himself born before his hero died—whereas Fordun drew his material from long by-gone centuries. Indeed he begins his work with the creation of the world. And why not? That event was indispensable to Scotland.

Independent little country as it is, we must admit that it would not have been just what it is, but for the way in which the world was made. There are some parts of it not easy to account for on any theory which would develop it out of the wants of its people. The work of creation was not such a long story to tell in those days as it is now, otherwise the learned monk would not have carried his chronicle as far as he did, to the middle of the twelfth century, with material enough collected to finish it until within a year of his own death. It is worthy of remark that the father of Scottish history is more careful of fact, or at least less mythical than his successors for three hundred years. In recultivating the ancient part of his field, their improvements and additions are of the kind most perversely called embellishment, as if truth were ugly and falsehood beautiful. Fordun died in or soon after 1386, Barbour, at an advanced age, ten years later.

At King's College not much, if anything, remains of the original structure. Improvement has been at work, no doubt, greatly to the advantage of all most intimately concerned. It is a small affair that a passing tourist should be gratified with looking upon the room where Boetius lectured, or

the cell where he lodged, as compared with the better accommodation of those who have to execute their life's labor there. Those who enjoy history ought to give place to those who are making it. Entering entirely without ceremony, I found the librarian busy arranging things in a handsome new library building, well satisfied with the changes going forward, and expressing no wish but to have them go faster.

The situation of the College is low, but has the great advantage over Marischal in being upon open ground, apart from other houses, and enlivened by the sight of lawn and trees. Its first president, after it was christened a College, was Hector Boëce, (*Latine, Boetius*,) who had himself received at Aberdeen that education by which he was prepared to enter the University of Paris. Boëce was one of the more successful of those authors, who in the sixteenth century, on the basis of Fordun's work, occupied themselves with the historical affairs of Scotland. John Major, of St. Andrews, had the priority by a few years, in publication. But his work was inelegant in style, and though less credulous, not more reliable than the rest. That of Buchanan excelled all rivalry in the merits

of Latin diction and literary form, but was not written until late in the century. Hector Boëce issued his in 1526, five years after the appearance of Major's. It immediately took a high place in the esteem of scholars, and was, by order of King James V., translated into English. Unhappily, the translation was made without fidelity, and in such archaic style as very soon to become obsolete. True, it is an old book, the oldest existing book of English prose produced in Scotland; but the date of its publication, 1536, makes it younger than any of the poems of Henryson, Dunbar and Douglas, which, as compared with it, present little difficulty to the ordinary reader, even now.

John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Murray, author of that translation, unfortunately used a local dialect, while the poets, with better judgment, wrote in that which already enjoyed some culture of letters. The smoothing out of Bellenden's crooked English by Harrison, as it appears in Hollinshed, still further disguised the work of Boëce.

After all her achievements in scholarship and prose, the most justifiable ground of pride to Aberdeen, in those days, was her poet. Nor are her

poetic honors to be all referred to generations past. The succession has been continued, through names of greater or less renown, to the present hour. George Macdonald is the heir of a long and highly honored line.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOVE OF THE MEARNS—LOCHLEE—ALEXANDER
ROSS—STRATHMORE—MONTROSE—THE GREAT
MARQUIS—HIS HIGHLAND CAMPAIGN—AS A
POET—PERTH—KING JAMES I.—SCOTTISH
POETS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—DUNDEE
—McCHEYNE—RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.



OUTH of Aberdeen our way takes us round the declivities by which the Grampians stoop down to the sea. Those celebrated ramparts of ancient Caledonian independence increase in magnitude as they slope away off in the distance to the south-west, leaving a belt of irregular lowlands between them and the coast. This "Howe of the Mearns," as it lies before me, rich, well-cultivated land, forms a striking contrast with yonder wild mountains, far in the west, among which soar up the dim summits of Battoch and the "Dark Loch-na-Gar."

Among the books occupying the window sole of a rustic friend of my boyhood, there was an old-fashioned poem, called *Helenora*; or, the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, by Alexander Ross, of Lochlee, which I used to read with a delightful dreamy kind of pleasure. Of the actual bodily existence of Alexander Ross I hardly conceived, and where Lochlee was I no more thought of inquiring than after the geography of the *Arabian Nights*. Story and place and author were all alike to me, creatures of imagination. It would have been a diminution of my pleasure to have found out that any of them was an earthly reality. Another copy of that poem I never saw, and have not seen it since those early days. Other reading subsequently dislodged it from its place of honor in my mind, but by many little tendrils it has to this hour kept its hold upon my memory. In travelling down from Aberdeen into the Howe of the Mearns, and looking up the names of places by the way, it was with a half revival of the boyish delight that I recognized the geographical reality of Lochlee. Although I could not visit the place, its vicinity recalled what I had read somewhere about it and its poet school-master.

Lochlee is a wild Highland parish among the Grampians of Forfarshire. Near the middle of it is a little loch, about a mile and a quarter long, formed in the course of the River Lee. Upon its eastern shore are the ruins of the former church and schoolhouse of the parish; the latter having also been the dwelling house of the schoolmaster. It was of diminutive proportions, consisting of only two apartments, the largest of which was not over ten feet square. Yet there, about one hundred and fifty years ago, Alexander Ross, in humble contentment, raised his family, taught the children of the Glen, wrote his poems and songs, and enjoyed his meed of local fame. In favorable weather his study was a walk beneath the trees in the adjoining churchyard. The author from whom I quote, in this imperfect *memoriter* way, remarks upon his visit to the place, that there was a wildness of desolation, and yet a holy calmness of repose about it, under which he felt that if his own bones should become objects of interest, he would rather have them laid in the solitude of Glenlee, where they would be visited only by the casual traveller amid the wild simplicity of Nature, than huddled away under the pavement of St. Paul's or Westminster.

Agricultural districts are generally unpoetical places, where men think little of aught beyond work and pay, food, clothing and comfort. Such, at least, is the common idea. But as I look towards that fine rich country before me to the south, the Strathmore of Scotland, extending, as I know, with little interruption, through the heart of the country, to the Firth of Clyde, the very opposite conviction takes hold of my mind. The mountains, wilds and pastures are pleasing themes; but as an original mountaineer, I am afraid that the plains excel us in intellectual as well as other products. Not to speak of Dr. Arbuthnot, Robert Barclay, or Lord Monboddo, whose condition in life would have furnished them literary facilities anywhere in the land, we are here entering upon the region of Michael Bruce, John and Alexander Bethune, William Thom, and Robert Nicol, peasant poets, upon whom the conditions of the soil made heavy demands, and all of whom perished early, most of them under the effects of poverty, toil and suffering; but who all have left true poetry, although pressed out of crushed hopes or breaking hearts.

From the brevity of the time at my command

it was necessary to forego some things of real interest in order to secure others possessed of greater; and not unfrequently the choice of omission was afterwards regretted. Such was the case when, after having passed Montrose, I reflected upon some of the historical events, for the sake of which I should have been glad to see it. There was the scene of King John Baliol's humiliation to Edward I. of England, as recorded by Andrew Wynton.

“This John the Baliol, on purpos
He tuk and browcht hym til Munros,
And in the castell of that town,
That then was famous in renown,
This John the Baliol dyspoyled he
Of all his robys of ryaltie.
The pelure tuk off his tabart,
Tume tabart he was callyt aftywardt.”

From Montrose also, Froisart says: Lord James Douglas set sail to carry the heart of his sovereign to the Holy Land. And in Montrose was the residence of the illustrious reformer John Erskine, of Dunn, the companion of Knox, and under the new establishment, ecclesiastical superintendent of Angus and Mearns. Nor could one fail to think of its brilliant Marquis in the days of the Covenant, who has been so much lauded and so much

blamed, and so much misrepresented on both sides, and whose death did more dishonor to the Covenanter government than all the defeats he had inflicted on their armies. Although one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes, his real claim to the reputation he enjoys is not, I think, generally well understood.

James Graham, Earl, and subsequently Marquis of Montrose, was born in that city. At the signing of the National Covenant in Edinburgh, he was twenty-six years of age, and entered into that solemn bond with unfeigned zeal. Employed by Parliament as one of the officers to carry it into the different cities of the kingdom for their signature, he deported himself as a consistent Covenanter. Parliament appointed him to high office in the army. But as the controversy advanced between the two Parliaments and their king, the young nobleman began to sympathize with the king, thinking him too harshly treated, and that the Parliaments demanded too much. Finally the appearance of war, in which the Parliaments were arrayed against their king, as a hostile power, so contradicted all his convictions that he felt constrained to protest, in the name of loyalty, against

the party, which, in the name of religion, he had chosen. Detected in secret correspondence with the king, he was arrested and thrown into prison, but soon afterwards liberated. He then openly joined the king, whose case was becoming desperate.

The battle of Marston Moor was lost to the royalists by the junction of the Scottish with the English Parliamentary armies. To repair that disaster, Montrose asked and received commission to go into Scotland and raise "such a commotion" there as should compel the Scottish Parliament to recal their forces from England. With the promise of a few hundred soldiers from Ireland, he found his way, under disguise, into the north of Scotland, where he trusted that some royalists would join him. Not many did. But with a small army he rushed into action. His victory at Tippermuir began a career of success the most brilliant which occurred on the royalist side during the whole war. With a small and unreliable force, picked up as best he could, and maintained by plunder, he rushed from one victory to another until he had defeated the Parliamentary armies in the north, and before twelve months had elapsed was south of the Forth, on his way to the Border, and a

detachment of the Scottish army was actually withdrawn from England to encounter him. His promise to the king had been well kept; his part of the service accomplished. But unfortunately for his master the battle of Naseby had been fought meanwhile. And when General Lesley returned into Scotland, he left no royal force behind him that could take advantage of his absence. Montrose's hastily levied Highlanders were no match for his well trained cavalry; and when defeated at Philiphaugh, they scattered never to rally. Further struggle was hopeless. Montrose escaped to the continent, where he resided the next five years.

After the death of the king, he took up the cause of Charles II., and attempted to carry him by force to the throne of Scotland, without regard to the Covenant, and of course unconstitutionally, as things then stood. Utterly failing in that enterprise, he was taken prisoner, tried on a charge of treason, and executed. The penalty he had incurred; but the manner of execution was barbarous. His adversaries prejudiced their cause by the vindictive spirit in which they defended it.

It is well known that the celebrated military

leader possessed also the gift of poetry. The verses composed the night before his execution are historical; also, those which he wrote after hearing of the king's death. In an old delapidated odd volume, having neither beginning nor end, which I picked up at a second-hand book stall, I find a song ascribed to him, which seems to bear internal marks of being genuine. It has the directness, earnestness, rapidity and power, which might be expected of Montrose; and in purity does no discredit to his original Covenanter profession.

“My dear and only love, I pray,
This little world of thee,
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law;
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
Or if thou set'st me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dare to vie with me ;
Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll crown and deck thy head with bays
And love thee more and more."

What the world thinks of that song I do not know ; but to me it gives evidence that the great soldier had it in him to be a great poet, had circumstances turned his studies in that direction. That he was a great soldier only the smallness of his army can put in question. No other head in the king's service could have done what he did. In point of strategy there was nothing equal to it, on either side, in all that war.

What is ordinarily known about the poets of

Scotland had long been familiar to me, but it had not occurred to group them according to localities ; in travelling over the country, the presence of certain localities did that work for me. The effect was sometimes that of gratified surprise. Such was the case when I came into the neighborhood of Perth, and the country lying between that and the Firth of Forth. That district had never presented itself as particularly poetic. But when I looked upon it, quite a number of the best known names arranged themselves together in relation to it. Here it was, in the vicinity of Perth, that King James I. was residing when murderers entered his apartments and slew him. In the Abbey of Loch Leven, in the same early years of the fifteenth century, lived Andrew Wyntoun. One hundred years later Gavin Douglas was Bishop of Dunkeld, and Inglis, Lindsay and Buchanan resided in and near St. Andrews, and King James V. died in Falkland.

The literary achievements of a Prince do not ordinarily fail of their full measure of applause, but those of King James I. have never received it from the popular voice. Nor have his merits as a ruler been recognized, as they deserve, by the common-

ality of Scotland. So far before his age as to be unappreciated for what he was, he suffered as good men are liable to suffer, who fall on evil times. The fourteenth century was a period of advance ; the fifteenth, of retrogression, at least for its first half. In most countries of Europe it was a time of furious conflict between the monarchy and the baronial Princes, amounting to civil wars, which greatly interfered with the progress of popular instruction. In Scotland it was the time when the Highland Chieftains and the Lowland Lords had attained their highest power, and were making their most exorbitant demands. King James's semi-barbarous nobility saw in the wise ruler, the prudent legislator, and accomplished poet, only an obstacle in the way of their own rapacity. And the people who ought to have upheld the honor of his name, who did more than any other to liberate them from the irregular despotism of local tyrants, by the institution of a national system of law, have allowed it to lie under the comparative obscurity to which their ruder and more ignorant forefathers consigned it. Not that he has been overlooked by history, or by the learned in Scottish antiquity, but certainly among the public in general, the

author of "The King's Quair," the reformer of the Scottish Monarchy, the first to establish a government of law over all Scotland, the first, and one of the very few monarchs of his country to go among the people familiarly, to learn of their wants, is known to only few as anything more than the first in a long line of Jameses, and by fewer as an unfortunate prince, who wrote a poem in a very obscure age, whose life began with a long imprisonment, and ended by assassination. But why should not the first James be as well known and as dear to the public as the first Robert, or the hero of Ellerslie? His work was different, but not less vital to the integrity of the nation.

"The King's Quair," a beautiful poem, of manly and tender feeling, partaking in no degree of the rudeness of the age, and equally free from the weakness of sentimentalism, was written in the purest English. Of this in itself a sufficient explanation might be found in the author's long captivity in England. But it is only an element in a general fact, that during the whole of the fifteenth century the best English was written in Scotland. That the greatest poets of the language then were Scotsmen is another element of the same fact.

James I., Robert Henryson, William Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas had no equals in either respect among their contemporaries south of the Tweed.

Dundee, *Donum Dei*, God's Gift, so called, it is said, from the church and tower erected there, about the middle of the twelfth century, by David, Earl of Huntingdon, for his marvelous escape from shipwreck, on returning from a crusade, has many things to be proud of; a beautiful situation, a fine harbor, large and commodious docks, extensive commerce, prosperous manufactures, and the eminent place it has occupied in the history of the country. But my thoughts about it, I must confess, dwelt less upon its antiquity than upon its recent history, and less upon its great things than upon some of its good men. This is the city, where, under the direction of James Halliburton, the Reformed worship was first publicly set up in Scotland. And here, in later days, the pious McCheyne preached and prayed, and sent forth the light of a godly life over the world. To think of him was to think also of his like-minded friends, Bonar of Collace; John Milne of Perth; Macdonald of Blairgowrie; William Burns, and others, and I immediately felt

that I was on consecrated ground. A spiritual debt, never to be repaid to them, is due to those young men, whose pious zeal created that well balanced revival of religion which pervaded the churches so widely, without disturbing them, and carried its gentle, but cogent persuasives beyond the Atlantic. To the ministerial revival of orthodox preaching and pastoral earnestness, brought about by Chalmers and his colleagues, this was a consistent sequel in popular piety and devotion. It was not, like many others, a mere excitement of feeling, but consisted primarily in scriptural instruction and learning ; it had no doctrinal novelties, but taught closely the orthodoxy of the church ; and it employed no artificial methods, but relied solely on an earnest use of scriptural means and the promised efficacy of the Holy Spirit.

Many, I am aware, deemed that zeal for religion inordinate and sickly. It evinced its health by vigorous living, and its reasonableness by the good it did—the virtue of those whose characters it pervaded, and the happiness it conferred. How it is estimated now, in this part of Scotland, where it rose, I know not ; but for the churches in the British Isles, as well as in that land beyond the

main, now most dear to me, there is nothing I more earnestly desire than the rise of another such band of young men as those who prayed and labored on this north shore of the Tay some thirty years ago.

It is a singular historical contrast that, in the very residence of John Graham, of Claverhouse, in the very city which gave title to his highest honors, earned by relentless persecution for religion's sake, that same religion should see one of the purest and happiest of her spiritual triumphs.

CHAPTER XVII.

ST. ANDREWS—HER UNIVERSITY—KNOX—
BUCHANAN—SIR DAVID LINDSAY—POETRY
AND THE REFORMATION—ST. ANDREWS IN
THE REFORMATION—DINGIN' DOUN OF THE
CATHEDRAL—ART AND RELIGION.



ROM Leuchars, on the way from Dundee to Edinburgh, a branch road leads down the coast to St. Andrews. The intervening country is flat, and through it creeps the Eden, by a broad estuary to the sea. On the west are hills, in many places covered with trees and honored with historic residences. To the south the plain is bounded by a low ridge, running out from the hills into the sea, and on that ridge, where it forms a cape or promontory, extends the city of St. Andrews, to whose mass of houses it owes most of its apparent elevation.

A venerable, conspicuous, yet hermit-looking place it is, this old University town, connected with which are many historic and literary associations.

Apart from the tumult of commerce and manufactures, as if it had no relations to them, or to the men concerned in them, it has most profoundly affected all. How much of what makes Scotsmen what they are is due to St. Andrews; how much of their enterprise, their energy, their self-reliance, their popular education, and their freedom of worship and of life! With astonishment I look upon this little quiet city, when I think of the great and far-pervading agencies which have originated within its walls, the men whom it has prepared for their work, and the events by them created.

“It is an old foggy, that head,” say the hands. It does nothing but think. Look at us. We are the workers. We have done everything that ever has been done. What ship did the head ever build? What railroad did it ever execute? “It is we who find out and do.” And so exclaim the feet. “That lazy thing, the heart, never goes out of its nest. We do all the commerce of the world, trudging and plunging through thick and thin, from continent to continent, and keep things mov-

ing." Ah, where would be movement without a motive power? And the best constructed watch would only run to its own ruin without a regulator. Indispensable as are hands and feet, and good digestion, the most useful thing in this world, after all, is a good idea. And little St. Andrews has been fruitful in ideas. Her University, the oldest in Scotland, antedates that of Aberdeen by more than two generations. It was set on foot in 1411, the year of the battle of Harlaw; and the three Colleges, into which it divided, were St. Salvator's, founded in 1458; St. Leonard's, in 1532; and St. Mary's, in 1552. The former two are now united on the ground of St. Salvator's; and the buildings of St. Leonard's, in as far as they are not ruins, have been converted into private residences; while St. Mary's College is now exclusively a theological seminary. It is also called New College. Of the former two the old names are sunk under that of the United College. A still newer institution, the Madras College, which corresponds better to what in America is called a High School, was founded in 1833, and has proved eminently successful.

In St. Andrews there are two names, which

precede all others in association with letters. These are Knox and Buchanan; both reformers in their respective ways, but the former a ruler and the latter a poet. Though ruling, certainly, is the greatest work among men, and does most to form and perpetuate a reputation, yet poetic work, when well done, a part, and that the best part of the public will not fail to honor. And George Buchanan was, beyond dispute, the best Latin poet of the Reformation. His work, entirely in the field of letters and education, was not so controlling as that of Knox, but quite as important to be done. By his writings he largely influenced the Latin-reading public, which was then numerous, and did **the** best thinking for the world. It has since diminished, until in our generation it can hardly be said to have an existence.

But the Reformation had its popular poet also, who was quite as well known to the people of Scotland and its fashionable circles as Buchanan to the learned. The Knight of the gentle science of Heraldry, its Lion King-at-arms, Sir David Lindsay, was also a resident of this old kingdom of Fife, and a graduate of St. Andrews. He preceded Buchanan; and although an official at court, and

a favorite, where the Catholic religion was still professed, was a real precursor of the Reformation. His poems carried its way of thinking to many who had no taste for the hard arguments of the theologians.

Poetry arrayed herself on the side of the Reformation from the first; was, in fact, a pioneer of the cause. As Langlande and Chaucer supported Wycliff and preceded him, and the poems of Michael Angelo, and of Vittoria Colonna breathed the spirit of the feeblener and short-lived movement of reform in Italy, so Lindsay and Buchanan were fellow laborers with Knox. It was only at a later time, and by a party, though a ruling party in the Scottish church, that poetry was discountenanced. A party it was consisting of men who in all other respects merit the very highest veneration. In the first instance it may have been due to a stern necessity. They felt themselves in the midst of a life-and-death conflict for "freedom to worship God." The crush and struggle of battle was no time to study the music of the band. True enough for those who were under arms. But there were some not engaged in either charge or defense, who having power to warm valor for a new conflict

need not have been discouraged from occupying their proper talent. And after all, though Truth and Right must be defended with the sharpest weapons and the bravest arms at command, whenever an attack is made, the proper work of the church is not fighting, in that sense; but holding up and recommending the gospel in all its beautiful attractions before the world. And it was not during the resistance of oppression that the separation between religion and poetry was most conspicuous. On this point some of the best of my countrymen made a sad mistake. Leaders of thought in a nation, which its history proclaims to be eminently imbued with poetic sentiment, they did what in them lay to chill that spirit out. Accordingly, in the service of the church, it was like an arm tied up and unemployed. It became withered and feeble. The church had to put up with the most mechanical kind of psalmody, and that chiefly borrowed. Few poems were produced to warm the heart to God and his service. "The Grave" was a solemn theme, and could not, in itself, give the offence of levity, and yet it was thought well to plead for that masterly work by a rough hand, that it was written before its author's

ordination. Erskine's Gospel Sonnets were a compromise, in which the party of the sonnet side suffered badly.

And when the national tendency broke over the imprudent embankment it was naturally in a rollicking reaction against religion. The poetry of the Reformation was tinged with hereditary blemishes; but in its aim was right, elevated and religious. That which followed, in the freedom of the national church, was in psalmody poor and scanty in the extreme; in popular songs abundant, but entirely disconnected with religion, and often profane and vulgar. Popular poetry, indiscriminately under disfavor of religion, slipped away entirely from her control. Allan Ramsay's influence was for good; his songs, as far as they went, took the place of worse, but he writes as a man might who has never heard about religion. I know nothing of literary kind for which a Scotsman has such reason to blush as for a numerous class of songs which were commonly sung among his countrymen in the eighteenth century. Burns was not over nice, at times, but the nation owes him a debt of gratitude unspeakable in rescuing her beautiful tunes from those degrading alliances.

And if not for equal power, certainly for purification, still more is due to Tannahill, Allan Cunningham, Henry Riddell and others, who have vindicated the place of song in a Christian civilization; among whom I hold that the highest place is due to the Baroness Caroline Nairne.

In the line of hymnology, with exception of a few pieces by Logan and one or two others, the Church of Scotland was woefully defective, until within the present generation. And even now, I am afraid that Dr. Bonar receives less encouragement from his own church than from some in a foreign land, and from general Christian society. The churches of Scotland have overlooked a part of their duty, as having spiritual charge of a people singularly open to poetical influences.

It is a one-sided, and therefore wrong view of human nature, which looks upon any of its essential elements as sinful. The imagination is in itself as holy as the reason; the sense as worthy of reverence as the intuitions of the mind, and the right culture of the one as necessary to the completeness of man as that of the other. If reason must guide the helm in the voyage of life, the buoyant impulse of emotion must fill the sails. A

man who steers himself solely by the calculations of a clear cold head is quite as likely to sin as he who follows the impulse of a warm heart ; his sin will be of a different kind, but perhaps less pardonable. Neither head nor heart alone is enough ; a complete man is fitted out with both, and reaches his completeness only in the Christian culture of all the capacities of both.

In St. Andrews, under Romish rule, the Primacy of all Scotland had its seat ; and here the Reformation began. Out from the Univerty of St. Andrews proceded all the first leaders in that great religious revolution. Students together under the same masters, almost in the same year, were those men, who, through toil and suffering, and in some cases death, effected the emancipation of their country from the bondage of Rome. I stood upon the ground where Patrick Hamilton was burned, and more than of his sufferings did I think of the infatuation of his enemies, to kindle on their most conspicuous height that fiery cross of the gospel, to send the news of Reformation over the land.

Here also are the ruins of the great Romish houses ; better in that they are ruins, although, as

such, I could have wished them more completely preserved. To be revered for its own sake is art, and its highest ends are attained when it recognizes its affinities with faith; but where it obtrudes itself in the way of the truth and simplicity of the Gospel, it usurps a place where it degrades the human mind, and defeats its own proper ends. The true art-feeling is extinguished when works of art become idolatrous. For the interest of art, as well as of religion, it is better they should be separate. Greek art reached its superiority only when it shook off its bondage to the temple, and reversing the order, led the temple in its fetters, and determined by its own laws the Greek ideals of Deity. Italian art was fast rising to a similar triumph over Romanism, when the revival of evangelical religion interposed.

As to the "Dingin' down of the Cathedral," as sung by Prof. Tennant, it may have been uncalled for; the destruction of a beautiful building is much to be regretted, and examples prove that it might have been converted to a truer worship; as that of Zurich was by Zwingle, and that of Geneva by Calvin. But if that conversion was impracticable, and if there was otherwise church accommo-

dation enough for the population of the little town of St. Andrews, and if the choice lay between the "Dingin' doun of the Cathedral," and the continuation of the abuses practiced in it, no right-minded man would hesitate to choose the former. However great the sacrifice, however much to be deprecated as a matter of taste, if indispensable to sound morals and Gospel truth, let it go. He must be a hardy controversialist who will think of defending the practices which this old cathedral and its monastic adjuncts covered in the sixteenth century. Utterly uncalled for by the demands of church accommodation, abbey and monasteries alike answered no purpose but to harbor a profitless set of loungers, who were assembled here merely because there were houses and endowments to keep them. All the buildings needed for worship and for education were retained uninjured. Moreover, had not that gang of idle and intolerant monks, with the Archbishop at their head, abundantly provoked the act of tearing down their nest? Had not the immorality of some of them, even of the Archbishops, been a scandal, and had they not burned to death some of the best and most beloved of its people in the streets of St.

Andrews? The really good men among them were subsequently better employed as pastors and teachers. The earnest well-meaning people had more reason on their side than we, who now-a-days at our ease would like to have such monuments of art to look at, are willing to allow them.

As to the images, and other objects of idolatrous worship, some of them may have been worthy of preservation as works of art, and some not. Judging from the majority of such things to be seen in Romish countries now, it may be presumed that most of them belonged to the latter class. If half the Madonnas, nine-tenths of the St. Sebastians, and all the naked slanders on the Saviour were consigned to the fate of this old abbey, future travellers would have something to be profoundly thankful for.

It was in the nature of the interests at stake that the Reformation should not be favorable to art, because art had submitted to become the pander to idolatry; and that artists, as a class, should hate the Reformation; for it is to be expected that the preaching of Paul will provoke the wrath of Demetrius. Yet on both sides there are conspicuous exceptions; and that the Reformation

cause is not adverse to art, in its proper sphere, is fully proved by the subsequent history of both. If Protestant art has not yet accumulated works to an equal number with the Catholic, her freedom and variety are greater, and her truth to philosophy and fact of nature incomparably superior. Art, in fact, never enjoyed true freedom, never was allowed to take unbiasedly her own way, and work with an eye single to her own aims, until liberated by the recent and fully pronounced Protestant spirit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DUNFERMLINE—TOMB OF THE BRUCE—SIR PATRICK SPENS—THE HISTORICAL THEME OF THAT BALLAD—BALLAD RECITATION—ORIGIN OF SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS—SCOTTISH LOVE OF MUSIC.



DUNFERMLINE, from its elevated site, looks down upon a far extent of land and sea, of great variety, especially to the south, southwest and east, away beyond the Forth, commanding a view of Edinburgh, at the distance of sixteen miles, and widely over the rich and diversified country of the Lothians. The palace, now in ruins, was once the sumptuous residence of Kings, especially from Malcolm Cean More to Alexander III. And the abbey of Dunfermline was the burial place of King Robert Bruce, as we learn from Barbour :

“ They haiff had him to Dunferlyne,
And him solemnly yirded syne,
In a fair tomb into the quire ;
Bishops and prelats that were there
Assolizied him, when the service
Was done, as they best could devise ;
And syne, upon the other day,
Sorry and wo they went their way.”

“ In digging for the foundation of the new parish church, in February, 1818, the tomb of Robert Bruce was discovered, and his skeleton found wrapt in lead. On a subsequent day, the tomb was again opened, in presence of the Barons of Exchequer, several literary gentlemen from Edinburgh, the magistrates of the town, and neighboring gentry. A cast of the skull having been taken, the stone coffin, in which the remains lay, was filled with melted pitch ; it was then built over with mason work, and the pulpit of the new church now marks the spot where all that remains on earth of the patriotic warrior is deposited.”

At Dunfermline did Robert Henryson, one of the best poets of the fifteenth century, earn his living by the humble but useful occupation of a schoolmaster. And perhaps the author of the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, whoever

he was, may have lived here; and that itself, could it be proved, would be no trifling honor for even the old palatial city.

“The King sat in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.
‘O where can I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?’

Then up and spake an eldern Knight,
Sat at the King’s right knee :
‘Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.’

Our King has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

‘To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway, o’er the faem,
The King’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.’ ”

Down at Aberdour, a port for Dunfermline, on the north side of the Firth of Forth, Sir Patrick, it seems, “was walking on the strand,” unforseeing the honor which awaited him—not so much in any commission from the King, as in becoming the hero of a deathless poem, when that message reached him,

“To send him out at that time o’ the year,
To sail upon the sea.”

The good and loyal sailor knew his danger, but when remonstrance failed touching the wisdom of the order, shrunk not from encountering it in the execution of his duty.

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The King’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we maun bring her hame.”

But it seems they did not bring her hame, if by that is meant the bringing of a Norwegian Princess to Scotland. For the Scottish and Norwegian nobility quarrelled, and Sir Patrick prematurely ordered return.

“Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’,
Our gude ship sails the morn.
Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm ;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

His return from “Noroway” was not to triumph over the danger as his outgoing voyage had done.

“Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
’Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet.”

In re-reading this "grand old ballad," suggested by the locality, I remark an inconsistency between its substantial meaning and some of its words. Sir Patrick's commission is to go to Norway, and bring the King's daughter of that country to Scotland; but the substance of the tale has nothing in it of such a transaction, and looks in another way. Sir Patrick's outward voyage was entirely successful. There is no intimation that he failed to do his duty. But he did not receive the King's daughter of Norway on board his ship. There is no mention that she was either applied for, or refused. And in the complete loss of the ship, crew and passengers there is no mention of the Princess. Assuredly the poet did not think of her being there. It seems that from Norway there was no Princess expected; and no Princess sailed.

The offensive language of the Norwegian lords seems to apply to the dower of a Queen who has come to them, which dower is still in the hands of the Scottish lords, and which, instead of handing over, as they ought, they are charged with spending for their own use.

Sir Patrick leaves Norway at the end of two weeks, as if his business were done, and he has only to return home with his Scots lords.

The whole substance of the ballad is of a Queen taken to Norway, with a sum of money for her outfit, of a speedy and uneventful voyage out, in which nothing befalls her; but her escort quarrel with the Norwegian lords, leave abruptly, and on their way home are lost at sea.

If we conceive that the poet wrote,

To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway, o'er the faem,
The King's daughter, to Noroway
'Tis thou maun take her hame,

we shall find the language and substance of the poem entirely consistent. So slight a change was easily made in a long course of transmission by memory.

As to its historical theme, there is no bringing of a Norwegian Princess to Scotland on record which corresponds to this. On the other hand it is recorded by Fordun that in 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, King of Scotland, was betrothed to Eric, King of Norway, and in the month of August of that year left Scotland accompanied by a noble escort, and upon arriving in Norway, was received by the King with the honors becoming her rank, and crowned by the archbishop

of that kingdom. After the celebration of the nuptials, the nobles of her escort set sail on their return home, but were lost at sea.

What the poet had in mind, was the daughter of a King of Scotland, to be taken home to her husband in Norway, the duty performed by Sir Patrick Spens, who perished at sea, with the returning escort.

I had already written the above, in accordance with Motherwell's opinion of the historical event, when I fell in, for the first time, with Aytoun's "Ballads of Scotland," in which I find precisely the emendation here proposed, introduced into the text. It is not necessary to assume that the poem is as ancient as its subject, nor that it has been recited from age to age in exactly the same diction in which it was composed.

Most of the Scottish ballad poetry now in print has been collected from the recitation of uneducated persons, having enjoyed a previous state of unembodied existence in the memory of those who remembered it. Nor are the printed volumes exhaustive of all the poetry thus produced in Scotland. Of course, much of it, printed or unprinted, is of little value, but I am also impressed

with the belief that some pieces which have never seen a bodily form are quite as good as many that have met with favor in books. In boyhood, I used to spend weeks, from time, to time, in the family of an aged but still active and laborious shepherd, who lived high up among the mountains of Minnigaff. His house was fourteen miles away from the nearest town, and neighbors were few and far apart. But the longest winter evenings were never tedious nor lonely to us children. The storms might roar, as they often did, wildly through the mountain gorges, and around our firmly built stone cot; it gave us only the keener sense of comfort, as we gathered around the blazing peat fire to listen to uncle John. Seated in his arm chair, and knitting his stocking, an occupation with which, in those days, a shepherd's fingers were always busy, when not more imperatively employed, old John Finlay would entertain us with the recitation of long narrative poems, some of them occupying each a whole evening. With such abundance was his memory furnished, that although we sometimes asked the repetition of one, yet he so often brought out new, I never felt as if he had exhausted his store. His wife

also had her supply of that material of entertainment, but not the same productions. Two or three of her ballads I have seen in printed collections, but of those recited by her husband not one that I have been able to identify. Some of them were old, and some were composed by persons whom he had known, at one time or another. He usually recited in a sort of tune, with his head erect, and his eyes closed or looking straight forwards over our heads, if not looking at his knitting. In some instances after finishing, he told us who composed the ballad, and when. They were persons who had died long ago; of one I remember he said that he had gone to America. Some of the subjects were native to that part of the country. One very long poem, which enlisted our breathless attention, was of a fox hunt, over the hills and through the glens with which we were partly acquainted. Being only a child of about nine years of age I could form little estimate of the literary merit of the poems, and such recitations were not new to me, yet I was astonished at uncle John's apparently inexhaustible treasure of ballad lore.

In subsequent years, when Homer had his

place of supremacy in my esteem, the theory of Wolf both my reason and taste, on some points rejected ; but on that of retaining long narrative poems in memory for recitation I had no difficulty. For the accepting of all that was necessary on that head, I had been fully prepared in the shepherd's cot on the sides of Mount Merrick.

Touching the origin of such poems in Scotland, I believe that most of them are the production of plain country people ; that they were composed without writing, and retained in memory and recited by their composers. Other persons learned them by hearing, and to interest other people to get them by memory was their success. Persons who had a taste for that literature by ear were not uncommon among my acquaintances of early days. Nor were they always scrupulous about reciting exactly as they had learned, but exercised freedom in altering where they thought they could improve ; and perhaps substituted other words where memory failed.

Most commonly the poems thus composed were soon forgotten. In other cases care was taken to commit them to the custody of letters. An elderly lady in the village of Minnigaff one

time showed me a large manuscript volume of poems composed by one of her sons, John Clyment, who had, long before, died at an early age. He was an ordinarily educated lad. But the volume was written in a clear and elegant hand. The pieces which it contained were songs, ballads and dramatic tales. Upon my mind their effect was attractive and gratifying, and especially I remember that their versification and imagery were, to my conception, exceedingly beautiful, with a tinge of originality, evincing the same thinker and habit of thinking throughout. I was grieved beyond measure to learn, a good while afterwards, that the volume was from thoughtlessness or accident destroyed by fire.

Scholars have no doubt added something to this branch of the national literature; but it is remarkable that very few genuinely old Scottish ballads can be referred to any known name. I believe that they are, in all their characteristics and their mass, the growth of the popular mind.

The corresponding Scottish taste for music is well known. Its origin has been referred to one or another great musician, whose style, it is thought, succeeded in obtaining popularity. The

conjectural cause is absurdly inadequate to the effect. Scottish music has its distinctive Scottish character, and bears every mark of being the natural fruit of the national taste, taken up and cultivated, but not created by the hand of learned art.

At Burntisland, where the Firth of Forth is five miles wide, we arrived as it was darkening towards night. A storm was mustering, black threatening clouds covered the sky, the wind was blowing cold and fiercely, and the sea, already running high, was breaking in long white ridges. A ferryman of olden time would certainly have declined to

“Cross the stormy Firth to-day.”

But steam and iron have caused a large class of such dangers to disappear. The angry gale pelted our boat with waves as hard as if they had been stones, tossed her high and low, and screamed through her cordage like furies. It was not raining, but the air was damp and cold. It was dismal weather, but nobody paid any attention to it, for no sooner had we left the wharf than the sound of music was heard from the forward deck. A Highland piper in full Highland costume, with great zeal was performing

“Jigs, strathspeys and reels,”

Putting

“Life and mettle in the heels”

of a party of young men, who seemed to be calling out their own figures, if I judged rightly from certain ejaculations uttered sharply in the midst of much laughing.

“The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.”

The piper himself finally joined the dance, and “loud and louder blew,” while he capered round with the rest, until all broke down in a roar of mirth.

When the laughter had ceased, the sound of softer music was heard to come from the other end—that is, the cabin end of the boat. They listened in silence for a few moments, and then one after another softly moved off in that direction. The piper tucked his bagpipes under his arm and went with them. Soon all were assembled in quiet attention around a little group of gentlemanly-looking men, who, with the accompaniment of a melodeon, were singing Scottish songs, “Bonny Scotland,” “Annie Laurie,” “Within a mile of Edinboro’ Town,” and so on. They were listened to by all the passengers who were to be seen on board, and without interruption, except when

some voice, in a low tone, would suggest another favorite melody. And there, among the listeners, was our fellow traveler on Loch Linnhe, the Hon. Robert Lowe, whom I had not seen since our party broke up at Inverness, standing near the singers, evidently enjoying the performance. I never saw so promiscuous a company so completely controlled into silence by sweet music, the boisterous party of the previous dance as completely as the rest. The gale was forgotten, the pitching of the boat unheeded, and we landed at Granton unexpectedly soon.

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CHAPTER XIX.

LINLITHGOW—FALKIRK—STIRLING—STIRLING
CASTLE—GREYFRIARS CHURCH—THE CEME-
TERY—VIEW FROM THE CASTLE—BATTLE OF
STIRLING—WALLACE AS A GENERAL—BAN-
NOCKBURN—RESEMBLANCE TO WATERLOO.



N many places of Scotland, travelling by rail seems almost a desecration: not because facility of movement is unpoetical, nor because the railway has not a poetry of its own; but because it is altogether of the present time, and its commonplace details occupy our ordinary thinking about it. In some historical countries, those details produce no sense of incongruity. But when ideas of certain places have been woven into fictitious historical description, and, through that medium, taken their place in the imagination, as part of some beautiful fabric having its relations

entirely with works of the mind, the transition is bewildering when the real objects with their commonplace adjuncts are suddenly brought before us. The long cherished fancy picture is defaced by having another painted over it, with an effect not unlike the confusion which sometimes intervenes between successive pictures with the magic lantern. The natural scene may be, in itself, as noble or as beautiful as the fancy had conceived, and in favorable circumstances may give as much, or more pleasure, but the mind needs time to adjust itself to the change, as the eye to new light. And when the old beloved structure of fancy's own building has to be demolished by acquaintance with the true original, one would rather dissolve it with a respectful deliberation, than have it brought down about his ears with one heartrending crash by the call of the conductor. Think of the sacrilegious familiarity of shouting out, in the ordinary railroad tone, "Bannockburn station! All out for Bannockburn!" A certain earthward-tending change passes through the mind in the first perception that such places are realities. Of course, the reader of history knew all along that they were. But in his thinking they were realities

only as touching great events. The change, upon seeing them, is that they are instantly connected with commonplace. With such feeling did I hear the names of the railroad stations for Linlithgow, Falkirk and Stirling; all connected with great events in the history of Scotland, and all their greater events sunk deep into the past, and covered with the ivy of fiction, in verse and prose.

The old palace of Linlithgow, a favorite residence of the Jameses, fourth and fifth, the delight of Queen Mary of Guise, and the birthplace of her daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, cheerful in itself, and beautiful in situation, is connected with more outdoor joyousness, and less of tragedy than any other old royal residence in Scotland, as expressed in the Tale of Sir David Lindesay :

“Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling ; .
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnets tune,
How blithe the blackbird’s lay !
The wild-buck bells from the ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.”

Falkirk, the scene of two momentous battles, the first coming to us in the richest poetic coloring of the Minstrel's Wallace; and the second as bound up with the chorus of Jacobite songs.

From the Firth of Forth westward extends a broad plain half across the kingdom, and deep into the heart of the mountains. Through its length winds the river Forth, doubling upon itself with such fantastic windings as to appear from some points like a row of lakes. The width of the plain increases towards the east. In its midst on the south side of the river rises a lofty ridge of basaltic rock, in the form of a wedge, or presenting the outlines of an acute angled triangle, resting upon one of its longer sides, and at its highest point terminating in an abrupt descent, almost perpendicular. From the face of the precipice, which looks up the valley of the Forth, the elevation diminishes regularly to the east, sloping down to the plain. On this ridge, and against its eastern base, leans the town of Stirling, another Edinburgh on a smaller scale. But the western end of the hill is broader than that of Edinburgh, and consists of three summits of different elevation. On the middle and highest stands the castle. The

northern is unoccupied, except by associations with some momentous events in early history. There were illustrious criminals sometimes executed ; as, in the beginning of the reign of James I., the Duke of Albany and his two sons ; and there did the assassins of the same monarch suffer the penalty of their crime.

The castle was a place of great strength in mediæval warfare,—an acropolis inaccessible. Within the fortifications are the buildings of a palace, a parliament house and a royal chapel. They are arranged in two quadrangles ; and at the western extremity of the upper is the building in which James II. slew the Earl Douglas ; an act reflecting dishonor upon the monarch, and yet the one which saved his crown. The elder house of Douglas never recovered from the effect of that blow.

Between the castle and the south side hill there is a little valley, where, in other days, tournaments and other feats of chivalry were exhibited ; and on the hill beyond, the ladies of the court assembled to enjoy the entertainment. Both are now included within the bounds of the Old Greyfriar's Churchyard. Of the knights and

lords and kings hardly a vestige remains ; but monuments are there of Reformers and Covenanters, of men who labored in or suffered for the faith in Christ. That old church on the hill-side has echoed to the chants of Romish monks, has seen them swept from their place, and inclosed the assemblies which hung upon the words of the Reformers. There was King James the VI. baptized, and there, after his mother's abdication, was he, at one year and one month old, crowned King of Scotland, and Knox preached his coronation sermon. It is now the East and West Churches, and accommodates two congregations.

The churchyard is of greatly diversified surface, and contains the tombs of a number of eminent historical persons. The decorations evince a disposition to pay special honor to memories connected with the Reformation and the Covenant. And with good reason do Scotsmen honor the heroes of their church freedom. Without it they would never have been what they are. It was their firm and intelligent resistance of an *obtruded* religion which put the last hand to their national independence. Even had the imposed religion been better than it was, it would have been their

duty to shake it off. The very sense of having to worship according to government order, and at variance with their convictions, would have bred them to hypocritical subserviency. The world may say what it likes about Scotland's choice in a religion; one thing cannot be denied, that she did choose it, because her children firmly believed in it, defended it by word and pen, by sword and suffering, by privation and death. They believe in it still, and honor its heroes and martyrs. And that honest faith, manfully adhered to, has made them a nation of earnest men, self-reliant, and God-fearing.

Scotland has passed through three periods of fiery trial, in any one of which had her people succumbed, much that is best in their character would never have seen the light. First was the resistance of English domination, which resulted in a profound sense of civil freedom; the second was the Reformation, whereby in the place of a superstition, the nation was supplied with education and a free gospel; and the third was the attempt to domineer over the conscience, and make faith the subject of the civil power.

From the ramparts of Stirling Castle adjoining

to, and west of the Douglas room, the view is singularly extensive and beautiful. On the east, down the plain of the Forth, beginning with the old Abbey of Cambus-Kenneth, in one of the links of the river among the trees, it stretches away beyond Alloa, into the dim distance, where may be faintly discerned some of the heights about Edinburgh. In that direction, the long grassy ridge of the Ochils bounds the plain on the north, with the town of Alloa on a slightly elevated level at its base. Thence all along the northern side of the plain runs the continuation of that mountain embankment westward, until it merges in the central highlands. A similar, but not so sharply defined embankment bounds the plain on the south. But such is the height of our point of view, that the eye ranges far over both, to the country beyond ; especially on the northern side, where the mountains rise, summit beyond summit successively higher to a greater distance ; and the most celebrated in song, Uam Var, Ben Leddy, Ben Voirlich, Ben Venue, and Ben Lomond, stand out clear along the northern and western horizon.

At a fine point of view on the ramparts, towards the Douglas room, I observed on the coping stone

of the wall the letters "M. R., 1566," a memorial of the too celebrated Queen Mary. Twenty-five or thirty steps further to the west, at the extreme angle, appears a similar memorial of a visit from the Queen now upon the throne.

Directly north from Stirling, and at a short distance across the river there is a rival hill, but of less elevation, where stands the monument to the memory of Sir William Wallace. On that hill he disposed his army before the battle of Stirling, and from it rushed down upon the divided army of Surrey ; and on the meadow between it and the river did the battle occur. To the history of Scotland no more momentous engagement ever took place. Without it, that of Bannockburn would have been impossible. Its effect upon the people of Scotland was like life from the grave, and was never forgotten. Although, just before, to all appearance, crushed into submission, they now felt that even in such a state they were not hopeless, and at the worst, by putting forth their strength could match their enemy. In subsequent similar misfortune, they thought of Wallace and the battle of Stirling, took heart, and nerved themselves for another trial. The sturdy ungainliness of that

monument is to my eye a prouder expression than a more elegant structure would be.

Foreigners smile at our warmth for the name of Wallace. The smile is due, in many instances, to inadequate estimation of the facts. No man ever deserved more of his country than that devoted patriot ; and no such hero, in his life-time, ever received less from it. Popular stories about him have brought down his reputation to the measure of popular ideas. He has been represented as a giant, who carried victory everywhere before him by the force of a strong arm and a long sword. The liberator of his country has been transformed by tradition into a mere swordsman. It may be beyond dispute that he possessed a powerful bodily frame, and made the most of that advantage towards the effecting of his ends, and it went far in warfare without firearms ; but what most impresses the reflecting reader of the life of Wallace and of Scottish history in his time is his intellectual calibre as a strategist and leader.

Poetry has attempted to embellish his exploits with fiction ; but all her inventions are commonplace as compared with the actual facts. That King Edward I. of England, in 1296, subdued

Scotland, carried off the King and many of the nobility prisoners, that he garrisoned all its strong places, and set up his own government over it, which not a single nobleman made a motion to resist, and having settled all to his own satisfaction, on the last day of August, 1296, returned to England; that a man without the prestige of nobility, and with only two or three followers at first, succeeded in taking one stronghold after another out of the hands of the English King, in raising an army and defeating his troops in the field, and by the eleventh of September, 1297, had overturned all his government in Scotland, and swept the last of his forces over the border; that the same person had meanwhile defeated a formidable invasion from Ireland into the West Highlands, and mollified the contentions of jealous nobility among his own countrymen, are facts which belong as truly to the history of England as to that of Scotland, and are equally indubitable from either side. In comparison with that work of just one year and eleven days, standing as bald as an enemy may choose to put it, what are all the puny fictions about gigantic stature, and force of blow, and the ghost of Fawdon? The indis-

putable facts are such as to brand the attempt to embellish them with fiction as a feeble audacity. Sir William Wallace may have been, most likely was, of heroic strength and stature ; but the great exploit of his life was head-work.

From Stirling Castle on the south side, one looks down on the field of Bannockburn, not more than two miles distant. A fair scene of verdant fields bordered by woods it seems from this point. The lower town of Stirling, continued by the village of St. Ninian's, extends almost close to it. Having filled my mind with the splendid view from the battlements of the castle, I pursued my way to Bannockburn—as charming a walk as one could take on a balmy autumn morning—and soon stood by the Borestone (Boredstone), where the standard of the Bruce floated on the day of the battle. It is by the side of the public road, and near it is erected a flag pole, to mark the spot for distant observation. It is the highest point of the position occupied by the Scottish army. The Borestone is now covered by an iron grating, to protect what remains of it from the fatal admiration of relic hunters, those Vandals of civilization, whom neither taste nor honesty move, and who,

worse than common thieves, destroy or purloin what no wealth or skill can ever restore.

At first sight, I was struck with the similarity of the ground to that of Waterloo, and the more I observed, the more did the resemblance grow upon me. The strategy also was similar. Edward II. was not a Napoleon, but his army, one of the finest and best equipped that ever marched out of England, made up of brave men, and commanded by as able officers as ever served in the field, was more numerous than that of the French at Waterloo. Between the military characters of Bruce and Wellington the resemblance is sufficient to justify comparison. Here, as at Waterloo, the battle ground consists of two parallel ridges, separated by a valley about a mile wide, from the height on one side to that on the other, and partly marshy in the bottom. At Bannockburn, the depth of the valley is greater than at Waterloo. And yet, before one side of the latter was stripped to make the stupendous Belgium mound, that difference was not so great.

A similar necessity constrained the combatants. Stirling Castle must be relieved by a given day, or all was lost for the English garrison, which

still held it. To prevent that relief was the single aim of the Scottish King. Wellington chose his ground to protect Brussels ; a more urgent necessity rested upon Bruce to protect Stirling ; and that he could not, at a distance. The place was as much predestined as the aim. And equally determinate was the attitude of the parties towards each other. To the Scottish army it was enough to resist. One day's endurance might settle the matter for Stirling. Upon the English rested the burden of attack. For them to delay was to lose the immediate object of the campaign. The Scots, accordingly, maintained their position along the crest of the rising ground, on the north side of the valley, directly between Stirling and the English army which occupied the hill on the other side. To relieve Stirling the English must break through the Scottish army, or outflank it. The latter was tried first, but failed. The second became imperative. But Bruce had arrayed his infantry in groups with their spears disposed to encounter attack on all sides, like Wellington's squares, at Waterloo. Edward brought up his bowmen — his artillery — to break those solid groups, and prepare for his main attack. A

movement of Bruce's cavalry on their flank scattered the bowmen. The English cavalry charge upon the groups of spearmen was, notwithstanding, desperate and persistent. To read of it sounds like reading of the charge of Napoleon's heavy cavalry upon Wellington's squares; exceedingly similar in the prolonged fury of attack and the half ruinous, but successful repulse. Although there were no Prussians to come to the support of Bruce in the crisis of conflict, yet here also the similarity holds. For just at the point of their wavering courage, the English saw what they thought a new army coming down from the western hills upon their flank, and losing heart betook themselves to scattered flight, in such a way as Englishmen have seldom fled.


What moved the host of camp followers to come over the Gillies' Hill, in array like an advancing army, as they did, has been a matter of various conjecture. It does not seem to me very difficult. It belonged to the strategy of the day; and the head which planned the rest was the one to put that also in its place. The Scottish army at Bannockburn, like Wellington's at Waterloo, never moved from their vantage ground until their ene-

mies were breaking into disorder. Had they been allowed to behave themselves, as Buchanan says they did, they would have been destroyed, as sure as fate. Never was a Scottish army better handled than that of Bruce at Bannockburn, nor British courage held in more prudent control than at Waterloo.

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CHAPTER XX.

KING JAMES V.—HIS PATRONAGE OF LETTERS—
FRIEND OF THE COMMONS—EXCURSIONS AMONG
THEM—LADY OF THE LAKE—ITS SCENERY—
LOCH LOMOND—DUMBARTON—CONCLUSION.

“UDEMAN of Ballangeich,” “Knight
of Snowdown,” “James Fitz-James,”
what reader of Scottish poetry could
leave Stirling Castle without a
thought of thee, by whatever title
known, the favorite of poetical
tradition, “The Commons’ King,
King James.” Though not the fruit of his pat-
ronage—it could not in so brief a life—it was in
the exercise of it, that the court of King James
was adorned by an unusual constellation of
genius. There might be found, at one time and
another, William Dunbar, then in his later
years, George Buchanan in his buoyant youth,

John Bellenden, David Lindsay, Gavin Douglas, James Inglis, and others of inferior renown, already mentioned in connection with their residences elsewhere, but whom the King delighted to honor, and some of whom received remuneration from him for works executed to his order. And if he really was the author of the songs attributed to him, he must have possessed no common degree of the poetic gift himself. Later masters of the art have added to the eclat of that reputation.

Hard was the task assigned to James V., to govern a powerful, turbulent, and self-willed nobility, who, during a long and feeble regency, had been left almost without a check, and been accustomed to exercise powers of virtual sovereignty within their respective domains. That the young King encountered some cases difficult to manage, and that he sometimes made a mistake, was in the nature of things ; and that he was intensely disliked by those whom he restrained. But his persistent efforts to reduce the local despotisms procured him grateful favor with the common people. It was a matter in which his cause was theirs, and they could look upon him as their leader, and

advocate of their interests. That he wished himself to be so considered is plain. It was his wisdom. His free-and-easy way with his people was contrasted with the imperious and haughty air which he assumed towards the arrogant nobility. And his frequent excursions, in various disguises, among the lower classes, made him personally acquainted with their way of living, their grievances and their opinions. That in such excursions he sometimes fell in with adventures less to his credit is equally true, and throws a shadow upon his character, which not even an admirer must attempt to excuse. At the same time one would fain believe that Burton's judgment against him in this matter is too severe. The education to which he had been subjected, and examples ever before his eyes, at home and abroad, and in the highest places of church and state, were of a nature to belittle the turpitude of certain sins. His uncle, the King of England; his step-father, the Earl of Angus; the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and some of the highest clergy were notoriously and openly guilty of vices in comparison with which his might be called venial; and even his mother's career was far from being a commendable model for imitation.

The scandalous lives of many of the clergy, their ambition and worldly-mindedness, were objects of King James's abhorrence, a feeling intensified by the fact that their power constrained him, in some cases, to consent to the persecution of persons whose opinion of them coincided with his own. Others, some of them leading reformers, he protected consistently.

In the vicinity of his various residences, memorials are still respected of the popular King. About Stirling they are numerous. In that place was the greater part of his boyhood spent, and from it most of his incognito excursions proceeded. Ballangeich was a road up to a private entrance to Stirling Castle: and Snowdown was an ancient name for that fortress. The "goodman" of a house, in the old idiom of both England and Scotland, meant the master, or head of the household. So the King might appear as the "Knight of Snowdown;" or as the "Goodman of Ballangeich," might pass for some plain laird or farmer; under which cover he occasionally rambled far away from his palace, to see and talk with his people, disguising himself to learn of them without disguise.

Upon the well-known fact that King James V. was in the habit of making such excursions, Sir Walter Scott conceived the plot of his "Lady of the Lake." Although that particular adventure is entirely fictitious, it truthfully represents the character of the King.

Passing the fashionable summer resort of the Bridge of Allan, which nestles cosily under the shelter of the hills, about three miles north of Stirling, I lingered an hour or so at Dumblane, to see its cathedral, and think about Robert Leighton, his affluent and beautiful meditations, rather than commentaries, and his painfully unfortunate bishopric there; not without a passing thought of Tannahill's "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," and from an elevation near the town, looked down on a part of the country over which swept Fitz-James's ride from Coilantogle ford. From Dumblane eastward about six miles we passed the ruins of Doune Castle, where Waverly was imprisoned before his removal to Holyrood; and, up the banks of the Teith, penetrated into the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake."

That beautiful poem, with which the public has confessed itself captivated by holding as consecrate

every spot connected with it, is as remarkable for its truth to scenery, as to the ethnic character it professes to delineate. King James V. is represented as joining in a deer hunt among the wilds of Perthshire. He is apparently unknown to his fellow huntsmen, for none of them take any notice of him, or make any effort to follow, and see what befalls him, when he outrides them into the Trosachs. Following out the poet's strict local accuracy, I am convinced that he conceived of his hunting party as starting in the early morning from Crieff, and as advancing southwestward into Glenartney. For

“The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made,
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.”

And, in the next scene, from the poet's point of view, which is, of course, that of his stag, the rising

“Sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head.”

But it would be on the eastern side of Benvoirlich that the light of the rising sun appeared. And when

“The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,”

it was "adown the dale" that he gazed. His enemies were, therefore, on the eastward side of Benvoirlich, and coming up Glenartney ; and when he fled it was some way in the opposite direction to that by which they came. Accordingly, the poet says of him that he,

"Stretching free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

Having fatigued his pursuers in that long ascent, he paused on the summit to take breath and make up his mind about his safest retreat, and decided upon

"The copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray."

Then dashing down to the westward through Cambusmore, two miles to the north of Callander, he crossed the Teith in the Pass of Lenny, and pursued the most direct course along the south of Benledi, until he had distanced all pursuers except the King and his two hounds. For

"When the Brig of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone."

The strong and fleet animal finally eluded the hounds in the waters and tangled thickets of the

Trosachs, at the same time that Fitz-James's horse fell exhausted, and

“Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.”

The topography of that chase is as truthful as an itinerary: it can be followed on the maps exactly.

The tourist coming from the direction of Stirling, enters upon the enchanted ground at Callander, and the Pass of Lenny, where on his right hand rises

“Benledi's ridge in air.”

Crossing the river Teith, he passes along the south of Benledi, with Coilantogle ford on his left, and before him a desert valley extending westward. In its bosom expands Loch Venachar, with “Lan-eric mead” at its head, and, west of that, Loch Achray, with the river which connects them, and carries their contributions to the Teith. The carriage road passes along the mountain side, where the forces of Clan Alpine rose and disappeared so mysteriously, at the signal of Roderick Dhu.

West of Loch Achray, the valley is narrowed by the convergence of the mountains, and is finally blocked up by the mighty mass of Benvenue.

There, hills, rocks, and tangled thickets, thrown together in the wildest confusion, admit no further passage, except by a narrow wooded gorge, to the northward. It is now thrived by a good carriage road ; otherwise is still as wild as before it became famous. That gorge,

“The Trosachs’ rugged jaws,”

connects with another valley running westward, but on the north of Benvenue, and covered, over all its plain, by Loch Katrine. That beautiful lake extends, from its charming little bays in the heart of the Trosachs, westward to Glengyle about ten miles, with a general width of two.

And where is the Douglas island? Near the east end of the lake, easily recognized from the poet’s description; and on the shore, over against it, the little bay, with its “silver strand,” where Fitz-James first beheld the “Lady of the Lake.” One almost expects to see, along that broad sheet of water to the west, the fleet of Clan Alpine coming down from Glengyle ; and in fancy do see the

“Plaids and plumage dance and wave,”
And “see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies.
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke ;

See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanter down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep."

Between Callander and this point extends the principal scenery of the poem. The action passes over it three times; first, in the chase; then in the course of the fiery cross, which proceeds down from the island to the Pass of Lenny, up that pass to the north of Benledi, and thence back westward, through Strathgartney, to where the messenger started; and, third, in the return of Fitz-James from Coir-Uriskin, and his adventure with Roderick Dhu. It afterwards returns to the Trosachs, the shores of Loch Katrine and the island, in the battle scene of "*Beal 'an Dufue*," and closes at Stirling. In thus passing and repassing, the tale has tinged every important point with its light, and, by the accuracy of local description, vindicated an almost historical character for its fictions. "There," said the stage-driver, pointing with his whip to a rugged spot at the entrance of the Trosachs, "there died gallant Grey."

Landed at Stronalacher, between two and three miles from the western extremity of Loch Katrine, we strike across the wild moorland, once

the domain of the notorious Rob Roy Macgregor, to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond; and launched, in a fine steamboat, on that king of Scottish lakes, resign ourselves to the fascination of picturesque beauty.

There is nothing of its kind equal to Loch Lomond, short of the Alpine lakes of Italy. With these, there is enough to provoke comparison. As in all other places which I saw, Scotland maintains her proper claims, but here ventures too near a resemblance to Como. Rapt in the enjoyment of the tumultuary mob of mountains, and glens, and her own beautiful blue waters, I was fain to forget Loch Lomond's attempt at sublimity, and with some feeling turned my eyes away from Ben Lomond, until, in the distance, I could take his mass into one view with the multitude of irregular summits, which, as a whole, produce the effects most proper to my native land.

By Loch Lomond are the scenes of many a celebrated strain. Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, and Glenfruin remind us of the boastful war song of Clan Alpine :

“Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glenfruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied,
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.”

At the head of Leven Water, which issues from Loch Lomond, we enter the domains of the ancient lords of Lennox, forefathers of the second dynasty of Stewart Kings ; but to some of us more interesting as the native country of Tobias Smollett, whose ode to Leven Water rings in our ears.

Following the Leven down to Dumbarton, on the Clyde, our ramble terminates, as it began, amid scenes of poetry, of romance and of romantic history. Here is a fortress which was at its best in days of the old Strathclyde kingdom : here is the house where Mary Stuart, in her girlhood, resided before her departure to France, and here the rock from which the little maiden queen stepped on the ship which bore her to that country, destined to be the scene of her highest splendor and the source of her misfortunes ; and here was the prison of William Wallace, the scene of his betrayal ; and here also is kept that sword, which,

“Fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.”

It would not be truthful to leave the impression that I saw nothing in Scotland save what was gratifying ; but the sentiment produced by the scenery, as connected with the pleasantest part

of Scottish literature and national character, was sustained throughout, and increased to the end. As far as that is concerned, my summer ramble, though hastily made, was a dream of delight. And the pleasure was perhaps the less imperfect that I could not remain long enough to see the glamour fade away; and for the same reason, instead of exhausting the subject, I have only opened it. In closing this hasty sketch, however, I feel that less apology is needed for leaving so much unsaid, which would go to demonstrate the point in view, than for making any proof of some things generally admitted. Touching the border dales, the West Highlands, the banks of Doon, the vicinity of Stirling, and the Trosachs, I have only repeated what most readers know, and what has been said, in one way or another, a thousand times. Nor is it less thoroughly well known that far above the natural attractions of the country, it is the poetry wherein they are draped which takes multitudes of tourists yearly to visit those scenes, now almost as classic as the Isles of Greece.

Too long have I misunderstood my countrymen, although I ought to have known better. For in boyhood, I remember well how I was surrounded

by singers, among young and old, and the prevailing love, not so much of music as of songs, and singing, and the reciting of poems. But then, I thought it was so with all people. And as the matter which, in those days, surprised me most in my uneducated countrymen, was their liking for metaphysical books, I had formed a notion of their character accordingly, that they were a hard-working, clear-thinking people, with a turn for philosophy. I was aware, of course, that a goodly number of poets had arisen in Scotland, but thought of them as exceptional, and as illuminating only some places here and there. Of the poetic coloring of Scottish life and scenery in general I had no conception, until after traversing a great part of the country. I am now convinced that beneath their dialectic acumen, industry, and blunt, plain-spoken way, there lies a genuine depth of imagination.

That poetic covering of Scottish scenery is not the work of any one period, but consists of many folds, which have been accumulating since the dawn of modern literature in the fourteenth century—from Thomas of Ercildoune, Barbour, and King James I., to George Macdonald, Robert

Buchanan and Professor Blackie. In that long period of time there has been variety of seasons. Winter has taken its turn with spring, summer, and harvest. The earliest harvest of special fruitfulness was that which spread over the latter part of the fourteenth, and early part of the fifteenth centuries; the second, and most abundant of all, except the last, was the precursor and companion of the Reformation; the third, inferior, in many respects, belonged to the early part of the eighteenth century; and the fourth began with Burns, and continues until now. But beneath and beyond the productions of great authors, the country abounds in popular songs and ballads, which, from the ancient Celtic lays down to those in the modern Scottish dialect, seem to have grown up authorless, and as spontaneous as the heather.



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
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